Mennonite Historical Bulletin

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Taking our Story to the People in the Pew

A Report

by Leonard Gross

"We need to discover the dynamics that gave birth to our denomination." — Elmer G. Kolb

We as a people stand between what was and what will be. These two sides of our existence have a natural tendency to pull us apart. For the "new" is not necessarily compatible with the old. The new is yet untried. The old can so easily be forgotten. Elmer G. Kolb, senior churchman from the Franconia Conference, has analyzed this constant Mennonite dilemma well: "Growth, improvement and enlightenment require a degree of openness. However, not all that is new is better or all that is old worthless. And I appreciate those among us who are able to sort out the difference. As a denomination we have tended to 'copy' many things without knowing their worth. . . . We need to discover the dynamics that gave birth to our denomination. 'Stopping the clock' or 'freezing' certain cultural expressions relates to the 'shell' and not the 'kernel.'"

Kolb's statement is one of some sixty responses, received by Helen Alderfer, long-time Mennonite Publishing House editor and writer, and myself. These responses were the result of a questionnaire we sent out to representative Mennonites, older and younger, men and women, from various North American geographic reaches. We were wondering how effective our efforts to teach history have been over the past generation, in the "post-Bender era." Harold S. Bender, from the 1920s into the 1960s, had gathered a veritable team of students and scholars, in the quest of rediscovering our Anabaptist vision. These efforts generally have been considered to be "mission accomplished," at least for that generation.

In 1962 Bender died; would his vision of keeping past and future together continue strong, or would it fade, like old soldiers? What type of continuity, if at all, would we as Mennonites want to maintain with our past?

In this respect, the responses to the questionnaires are helpful indeed, in suggesting something of how well we have done in communicating our past legacy of faith to an ever-new generation. In this case, the new generation was that of the 1960s to the 80s. And our questions, posed, to this new generation were: Wherein lies the Mennonite vision, currently? How effective have our attempts been, in maintaining our historic faith? What are the range of current needs and concerns in the area of heritage education as viewed by various Mennonites today?

Such an improbable task Helen Alderfer and I set for ourselves! The results are less than what a complete survey of thousands would provide, yet they suggest where at least sixty Mennonites stand, at this time, with their hopes and dreams. Alderfer has already set in print her interpretation of these responses. This, therefore, is a companion piece to that article, complementing and not duplicating her well-written piece (*Christian Living*, August 1989).

Historical Awareness, Essential. Richard C. Detweiler, churchman and former president of Eastern Mennonite College, makes a strong case for heritage: "Heritage education is essential both to the Mennonite Church for its own future, and in the contribution the Mennonite church needs to make to wider Christendom and the world. The themes of community, discipleship, peace/nonresistance, mission/service are not ultimately a ghetto theology, but the dynamics of new creation."

David E. Hostetler, editor of *Christian Living*, blends in tradition with

John L. Ruth and J. Winfield Fretz chat at the reception following the opening of the Meetingplace in St. Jacobs, Ontario, 1977. (Photo, Joe Brenneman)

other essential components that he considers primary to our way of life: "Our greatest strength, it seems to me, lies in the ability to blend agape-love, peacemaking, service, fellowship, tradition, and mutual aid into functional community, where family values are emphasized and practiced, and where the family feeds back into community. The formation of biblically based family and community can be our best domestic offering to Western society as well as our best export."

Gospel Herald editor, Daniel Hertzler, too, underscores the substance and spirit of our faith and history by identifying the inter-personal dynamic within our tradition: "Particularly important for emphasis today are the Anabaptist concerns for integrity in all relationships and resistance to the machinations of governments. Also that peace is a part of the Gospel and that following Jesus is the logical outworking of being born again."

Robert Kreider, ecumenical Mennonite and historian from North Newton, Kansas, says, poetically: "We need to sing our story, dramatize our story."

The Shift to Visual Media. Meet John Sharp, in this regard, who sings our story, dramatizes our story, out of his own experience: "As a freshman at Hesston College, I ranged the hills and valleys of Western Europe in a 'Jules Verne II' bus with Sol Yoder and Jan Gleysteen. This was not only a delightful experience, but also a formative experience. I was given new windows into my spiritual house of faith. Here were the roots of the faith practices and values that my elders in Big Valley were trying to convey to me, though somewhat distorted by various other theological streams. This formative event furnished me with the spiritual, mental, and visual framework for my continued growth and education."

David Hostetler believes, in this regard, that "though I am visually oriented and enjoy the stage, movies, radio, TV, videos, and slide shows, it is my opinion that nothing will replace warm human bodies in the transmission of values. That's why the combination of a Jan Gleysteen with slides is a winner. For that matter, he and others, such as John Ruth, can wing it without slides or other visuals. Live teachers, whether in the pulpit or classrooms are essential to the process."

Yet John Sharp sees a place for information centers such as the Meetingplace, St. Jacobs, Ontario, and MennoHof, Shipshewana, Indiana. He notes that while he was at the Meetingplace in St. Jacobs, and "accompanied by friends — newcomers to the Mennonite church — we walked through the Anabaptist/Mennonite story. We wondered at the brashness of Georg Blaurock taking over the pulpit in Zollikon, agonized over the torturous deaths of Maeyken Wens and Michael Sattler, marvelled at the faith of Felix Mantz and his mother, debated the differences between Ulrich Zwingli and Conrad Grebel, and contemplated our own place among the many faces of the present multicultural members of the Mennonite faith family. It was a moving experience for my friends, who are now involved in significant leadership roles in the church."

Sharp continues: "Our family vacation included a stop at the MennoHof in Shipshewana last summer. With enthusiasm I guided my young family through the dungeon at Passau on the Danube (where we heard the singing of the 'Lobg'sang' as my children's Amish grandparents sang it), into the 'Täuferhöhle,' and through the ship that carried our immigrants to the New World. Here were visual and audio props for the telling of our faith story, including photos of contemporary Mennos my children had met in various settings. What a learning event this was, in spite of the fact that my five-year-old son, Michael, kept confusing Michael Sattler with Michael Jackson!"

Current Needs. During the past

Editorial

During the past score of years, a different approach to historical interpretation has come on the scene. This new approach combines traditional research and interpretation with the various visual effects that have become part of the way of life in North American society, including many Mennonites. "Taking our Story to the People in the Pew" provides some analysis of this new approach. Words of caution combine with solid support for this "new" storytelling approach, that combines with slide presentations, film and video. We will want to tread carefully in our efforts in reminding ourselves of who we have been, so that honest interpretation and integrity also combine with current trends and flair. Here again, our traditional Mennonite process of selecting and rejecting from the current culture in which we find ourselves is the clue, lest the new outweigh and overwhelm the sum and substance of our faith, couched as it is in the biblical vision of old.

George O. Springer's experiences in 1919 and 20 remind us of the many farm boys of that time who were suddenly thrust into the thick of modernity — its wars and its challenges. Springer, who died July 14, 1989, donated a number of his Reconstruction-era papers to the Archives of the Mennonite Church (the George O. Springer Collection.)

Growing interest in Post-Second-World-War refugee research has suggested an article on the Refugee Files in the AMC. Hans Werner of Winkler, Manitoba, a recent scholar at the AMC, agreed to write a general article on this theme, and came through with a solid contribution in this regard.

And finally, a human-interest report on one of the refugee camps, Fallingbostel, in North Germany, written ca. 1949 by Marie K. Wiens, is herewith published.

—Leonard Gross

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twenty years, many media-type projects have been created, beginning with Alice Parker Pyle and John Ruth's *Martyrs Mirror Oratorio*, John Ruth's film, *The Quiet in the Land*, and Jan Gleysteen's slide lectures, now entitled, *Our Mennonite Legacy*. Ruth and Gleysteen continue to communicate creatively our heritage. Gleysteen's conceptualization of the Anabaptist-Mennonite idea, so obvious at the Meetingplace and the MennoHof, is but one of many examples of this. Many others have since joined in, including: Myron Augsburger, Lois Barrett, Urie Bender, James Bixel, C. J. Dyck, Peter Dyck, Abraham Friesen, Merle and Phyllis Good, James Juhnke, Mary Klassen, Robert Kreider, J. Harold Moyer, Dale Schrag, J. B. Toews, Paul Toews, Katie Funk Wiebe and Delbert Wiens. Lynn Miller (West Liberty, Ohio) as an up-and-coming creative storyteller, and *Sisters and Brothers* (Michael Hostetler and Joel Kauffmann, et al.) are also worthy of mention, the latter group having recently produced a film on the early Swiss-South German Anabaptist movement, *The Radicals*.

Are there any unknowns and limits that come with this new approach of teaching our history? J. C. Wenger, who himself has been a colorful storyteller of our heritage since the 1930s, evaluates heritage education for the past fifty years as follows: "[It] is positive and healthful — making allowance for the fads that come and go. Prior to 1940 it was the 'All Things'; in the 1930s and 1940s it was Christian Education; and currently it is Story." ("All Things" was keeping the commandments of Christ, including the "all things" that Daniel Kauffman and a few other leaders of his generation were promoting in way of doctrines.)

Change to be sure continues to affect the Mennonite husk — we hope, not the kernel. Suzanne Gross, musicologist in the Washington D.C. area, speaks to the needs that have come as a result of Mennonite cultural transformations following the Second World War: "I think when Mennonites lost their external distinctions, we had to replace them with a historical distinction which must be told and retold."

Gross then takes this several steps further, reflecting upon the urban scene: "What I used to think of as being on the 'cutting edge' now can seem a bit behind the times. I'm thinking of the big push to understand Reformation persecution, for instance. In an urban setting, where the present reality can be dehumanizing to the point of being overwhelming and where the structures seem so different from times past — complex in a different way, I'd like to explore other themes that can bridge the past and the present. It's not that early history is irrelevant, but it's incomplete.

"I'm wondering if subjects like the beginnings of the Mennonite Central Committee, or the days of Civilian Public Service (CPS), or other North American Mennonite stories wouldn't be fascinating material for how we have responded to the world around us. I think the efforts of historians should be just that: to inspire, so that we may continually respond — a response that is never quite the same as our context changes, as our neighbors change, i.e., as history progresses. So we need to update the story all the time."

TourMagination travelers, listening to the Michael Sattler story on the banks of the Neckar River, Rottenburg, Germany. (Photo, Ray Gingerich)

Ralph Lebold, President of Conrad Grebel College, and Moderator of Mennonite Church General Assembly, although also affirming the ongoing need for an honest portrayal of our early history, supports Gross's interest in our more recent history: "We are much more products of the last hundred years than we are of the sixteenth century. We must do much more analysis and interpretation of the recent past since the last one-hundred, or even fifty years is influencing us in a more direct way."

Frances Lehman, of Goshen, Indiana, adds a note on our peace witness, within the urban scene: "Our peace position is important even though it is not popular. It is unlikely nations will ever embrace our thinking even though the world is crying out for better ways to resolve conflict. It is difficult for our own young people living in our violent cities to be clear on our traditional nonresistance stance. But we still need to be a light shining in the darkness in this matter."

Robert Kreider hopes we can broaden our Mennonite horizons, setting our story, comparatively, within a worldwide context: "We must involve the participatory: The Anabaptist story and my particular story — our story. This is a kind of comparative history. Additionally, we must focus more, try more vigorously to call forth comparative history: for example, the Anabaptist story and the Jewish Diaspora story, the Mennonite wanderings story and the American black story, the Free Methodist church-against-the-world story and the Mennonite church-against-the-world-story.... We have superb resources at a variety of places which remain unknown to those of other conferences and groups. We need more cross-fertilization."

Ralph Lebold hopes we will not take our past as an exact blueprint for the present and future. He cautions: "When are we going to re-affirm the value of some things that were rejected because of their abuse in the sixteenth century? For example, symbols in worship and in architecture. We have already adopted musical instruments in our worship. It would seem that in recent years we have used our historiography more for self-preservation or as a way to bring renewal to the church rather than having it as a story creating a background to which we then develop our own story."

Rufus Jutzi, elder churchman from Cambridge, Ontario, pleads for the education of ministers, in matters of history. He even suggests a plan of action: "It appears to me that one weakness in the Mennonite church is, that we have ministers who have been influenced by other streams and consequently do not present a strong Mennonite understanding of scripture or life. Therefore a place to start

could be the conference minister in each respective area. Could that person be provided with pertinent materials which in turn could be shared with the pastors in the area? Unless we develop strong pastors with strongly held convictions, the Mennonite church will experience a decline in the emphases that it has promoted historically."

Past and Future. Myron Augsburger, churchman, evangelist and educator, has poured tremendous effort into interpreting and promoting our heritage. His most recent book, *I'll See You Again*, is about Felix Mantz, martyred in Zurich in 1527. His commitment to the newer, visual approach to communicating history is evident in his key role in producing the film, already noted, on Michael Sattler, entitled, *The Radicals*.

Augsburgber's view of history, as it relates to us currently, helps to round out an analysis of a few of the questionnaire responses we received: "James Baldwin wrote,'A people not at peace with their past can have no meaningful future.' This is relevant for us. We need to move beyond our ethnicity without rejecting it, be enriched by it while not enslaved by it."

We close with a quote from Jan Gleysteen, who continues with intensity and vigor to bring the Anabaptist and Mennonite story to the people in the pew: "A people who have not the wisdom to record their history will not long have the virtues to make history worth recording; and no people who are indifferent to their past need hope to make their future great."

Post-War Experiences in Europe, 1919-20

by George O. Springer

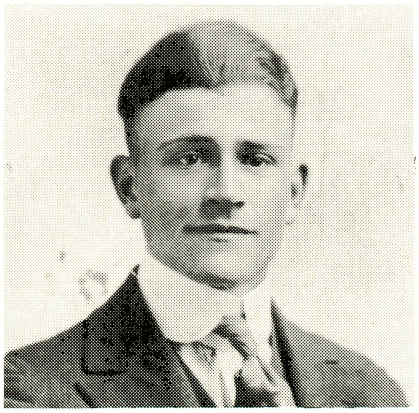
Would you believe that a young Mennonite farm boy, who in 1908 was hauling manure out to a field on a cold spring day would one day be called upon to establish a transportation system in Vienna, Austria, for food distribution in Vienna and several European countries? With the help of the Lord, he really did. He has learned many times that with a will to serve, anything with the Lord is possible.

On July 24, 1917, a young Mennonite farmer, George O. Springer, from Metamora, Illinois, became 21 years of age. He registered for military service at Eureka, Illinois, but was deferred because he was operating his Uncle Andrew's farm, near Metamora. In 1918 his uncle became of poor health, decided to either sell the farm, or rent it to another farmer.

Young George, known as G.S., made all arrangements to report for military service at the end of the farming year. The war ending in November, he was now free to plan his life any way he wished. He decided to enlist in the War Victims' Relief Service with the Friends Unit of the Red Cross in the Marne Valley for reconstruction service in France. He, along with two friends, were sent to a training station near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for tetanus shots and inoculations. About a week later, they boarded ship for Le Havre, France, and to a station in Paris for a few days, where they stayed until all their permits and passes were made out. They were then sent to the station at Clermont-en-Argonne in the motor transport department.

His first job was assembling motorcycles from their crates, and later on, repairing trucks and cars. He also instructed new men to become drivers and to perform minor repairs. He was later given the position of foreman in charge of transport-department repairs. He installed a derrick on an old GMC truck (everyone called it "The Wrecker") to use for towing service. As reconstruction work and repair work became more efficient, he had more time for other things.

At that time, the U.S. Army of Occupation was still in the process of gathering the bodies of U.S. soldiers, who had been killed in action — some where they fell; some in small plots in the villages, or along fence rows; some, just in their clothes, others in blankets. The trucks that G.S. saw were all painted the same color, hauling empty caskets to be filled. Some of these were buried at St. Michael, a rather small cemetery near our camp; the others, at Romagne, a large cemetery, probably the largest in the world: 14,246 graves, approximately 20 miles NW of Verdun. G.S. visited this one and estimated it to be about 11 miles wide and 27 miles long.



George O. Springer. (George O. Springer Collection)

In his long walks, G.S. found places where parts of bodies were still exposed; one location where he has a photo showing five skulls and a boot with the foot still in it. The flesh had long since been eaten away by scavengers. He made friends with many young Germans in their P.O.W. camps and they made some things for him which he brought back to the states. Many of these, about 16 years old, were tired of war, wanting only to go back home to their families. They told G.S. how the U.S. Army destroyed Hill #304 which was the highest hill in that area, and the Germans could see for miles if anything was moving. The U.S. had to destroy that location in order to advance any further. Under cover of darkness, they dug a tunnel to approximately the center of the hill and then dug a large room at the end. They packed it with truck load after truck load of explosives. The resultant explosion probably was the largest ever, except for the atomic bomb. G.S. visited this location and took a photo that shows two people standing hundreds of feet away and another at the bottom, barely seen.

The repair garage was a rather long building. All machines were operated by flat belts from a pulley on shafting, fastened to beams on the ceiling. The machines included grinders, polishers, saws, drills, lathes, blowers. All operated by a gasoline engine. A blacksmith shop was in the corner of the building for ease in installing flues to carry the

gases from the forge. G.S. went over to the smith to explain some work they had to do, and walked back to the front of the building — when the whole corner of the smith end blew out. Had he been there a few seconds longer, he probably would have been killed, but was not, because the Lord had other things for him to do. They were using army briquettes for fuel, and someone, accidentally or intentionally, put explosives in the fuel. G.S. never found out if the smith was killed or not.

Later G.S. started the repair of a small motor generator set that the U.S. Army installed and used until it failed to operate. Word got around that Engineer Springer (his informal title) had repaired the unit and they could have electric lights. He made the ruling that lights out at 10:00 were in effect. At a quarter of 10:00, he flashed the lights three times. That meant that they had 15 minutes to go for candles, coal oil, or bed.

Shortly after that he got word that the mayor of a small village to the north wanted him to come and look at their generator. This unit was a water-wheel generator — water flowing through a flume would fill buckets on the rim of the wheel, causing it to turn. Some of the buckets were missing; others, bent. He replaced and repaired all. He opened the flume gate and the wheel started to turn and generate electricity — but only for a short time, when the water was exhausted. Streams which normally had filled the lake above the dam had been diverted by shell fire until they no longer filled the lake. Only the state could repair that.

Because of efficient operations, G.S. was able to get away for trips at no cost, as anyone in uniform could ride the trains free. So he went to see his cousins, and his father's birth place, down to the city of Nice and other places on the sea coast such as Monaco, where Prince Ranier lived, who later married Grace Kelley.

No one had a salary but each was allowed $20.00 per month for essentials (tooth paste, etc.). G.S. saved up enough to be able to take trips. He was in bed, asleep, one night, when someone tapped on his barracks door and said they received a telephone call, that one of our Ford trucks was parked by the town pump. Would he go see what the trouble was? He got in his wrecker and drove to the city

War terrain: "We tramped for thirty miles at night from Verdun, through what once had been a beautiful forest." (George O. Springer Photograph Collection)

where the Ford was supposed to be. This was a canvas-top car and when he opened the canvas flap, he found a woman and two children, pots and pans, vegetables, a goat and some chickens and a stench that was pretty potent. He asked the woman where the driver was, and he was in the tavern across the street. G.S. went in and the manager came to the desk in cap and nightshirt. He told the manager he wanted to see the driver. When he came to the desk, G.S. asked him what was happening. The driver said they had chicken pox, and that he had never had it, and didn't want to be exposed. G.S. told him, you've already been exposed; you might as well go on and finish your job. If you don't, you might be back digging ditches.

Another thing G.S. wanted to see before he left France was the Maginot Line, a line of cannon between France and Germany. Guns were no longer there, as the Germans had taken them out and used them in their war effort. So, one morning, he and two friends took a train for Verdun. When they got off, they still had about three miles to walk. Their train left about 6 p.m. so they had to hurry. They looked around too long; when they got back to the station the train had already gone. They were thirty miles from camp, across from what was once a forest, where now only stumps, logs, and shell holes were visible. There was no moon, only star light. One man stayed about 75 feet ahead, to call out: "Large logs, shell holes, etc." The other was just in front of G.S. to help him around, as he had to keep his sight fixed on a certain star, to navigate. They walked for hours, with G.S. keeping his sight fixed on the same sky location. The stars seemed to fade out, and they found that it was starting to get daylight.

A short time later, the man in front came to a fence. That meant a railroad: the railroad and the roads shared the same right-of-way. They waited until they could see where they were. They were actually standing almost directly across the road, in front of their camp. Thirty miles across shell-torn country — this had been perfect navigation. No human could do that, only the Supreme Navigator helping a young Mennonite believer.

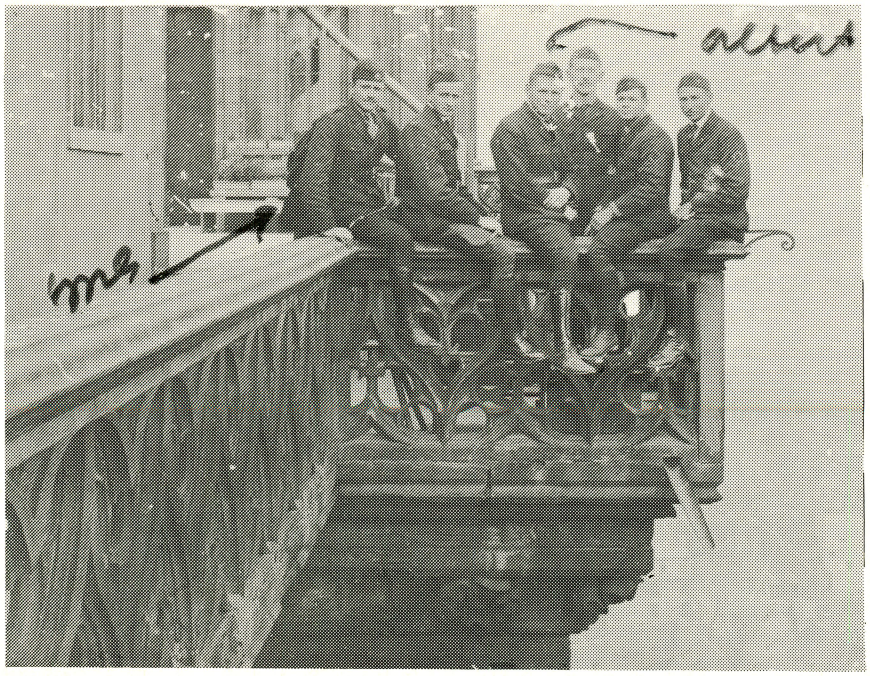
A few days later, G.S. was asked to take two women to a cemetery, where someone they knew was buried. He did not check, but from the location, it could have been the U.S. cemetery at St. Michael, not far from camp. The entrance road was very muddy and he couldn't go up in the car, so they had to walk up. Their next step was a small village with a railroad station, where they were to take a train for Paris. The roads had not been repaired as yet, and were full of shell holes and debris; anyone driving had to dodge around them, some very

deep. A member of a prominent Quaker family from Pennsylvania was also in the car, and instead of sitting on the front seat, he was kneeling with his stomach on the back of the seat, talking about nothing in particular, and very boring. Trying to get him to stop, G.S. drove through a shell hole. The jar shook him up, but he kept on. When he got his breath back, G.S. then drove through one that was really deep. That did it: to keep appearances, he drove through several more.

The woman from Wisconsin asked G.S. if he had any lunch along, and finding out he didn't, handed him a hard boiled egg in the shell, which she had to take back as he could not peel it with one hand. When they drove into the railroad station yard, G.S. told them, if the train had already gone, to come back and to go to camp again. Both women died in 1987 or 1988. One was state congressman from Wisconsin; the other was head of the Women's Committee for Permanent Peace — both, very prominent women (Jane Adams, I believe, was the one; both were very dedicated pacifists all their lives).

G.S. always remembered the Sabbath as the Lord's Day, and never did any work on Sunday. Instead, he would pack a lunch and take long walks in the country. On one of these, he found an abandoned Caterpillar Tractor under some bushes with railroad ties stacked nearby. He knew the unit could use it for plowing and tilling, so the next Sunday he came back with oil and gas. It ran perfectly. He took out the rotor unit of the distributor, and made arrangements with the railroad to leave a flatcar at that location, and he would load it, and they put it up that evening. He built a bridge with the railroad ties, and loaded the tractor, and they pushed up the car that evening. It was simple to unload and turn over to the unit's farmers.

On the next trip in the opposite direction, the find was more spectacular. A gas-powered, German railroad locomotive, which we found out later had been damaged with Emery Powder, burning out all the bearings. They got the engine off the rails, and towed it in front of the garage. The huge engine was lifted out, and opened up by G.S. who found all the bearings gone. He had



George Springer (L), and Albert Sommer (3rd. from L.). (George O. Springer Collection)

to reline all the bearings, and clean out the crank case. After everything was all put back together, he was ready to start it. At that point, word got around that Engineer Springer was ready to start the engine. This had no crank, only a bar to start — similar to a propeller engine on an airplane. On the second stroke it started. It ran very well — a good design — and they got it back on the rails under its own power, ready for service, with Engineer Springer in the cab.

After this, a call came from management to take an ambulance, corpsman and driver to pick up a French officer who had stepped on an old land mine and which blew off the front part of his jaw. The two lower parts were still there, but the lower front was gone. We were to take him to his home around sixty miles away. A nurse was along to keep him as comfortable as possible, as the weather was warm. His wife was waiting at her door when we got there. G.S. went over to her and told her what had happened, tried to comfort her, and encouraged her to be brave. She held the door open and they helped him into his bed. As it was getting late they turned to leave, when she said, he wants you all to stay for a bite to eat, and he'll open some of his fine wine for you. A very brave man, you can be sure, to think of others in his condition! G.S. kissed him on his forehead and took his hand, and told him he was the bravest man he had ever met, and then kissed his wife good-by. On the way back the corpsman said, after an experience like that I need some physical help — as he pulled out a half-pint of whisky. G.S. was not a drinking man, but in this case he could use a little pick-up too.

Sometime before this, Herbert Hoover had authorized the distribution of American food to feed starving children in France, Poland, Russia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Serbia. Because of their experience the Friends Unit of the Red Cross was selected to take care of food distribution in Vienna, and a transportation system was needed for hauling to the various centers and railroad stations. This included trucks, cars, garage storage, repair shops, painting, battery work, etc.

Because of his experience in France, G.S. was asked if he would take on this work, also because he spoke German as well as English. He decided he could do it and made arrangements to leave. Instead of going directly to Vienna, he went to parts of Italy that also had refugee problems that he wanted to see. From Trieste, he and two helpers took a train through Yugoslavia and Hungary, to

Part of the transport system, set up by George Springer. (George O. Springer Collection)

Vienna. This train was also a refugee train: people with all their earthly possessions, a carload with everything they had, including a smell that was overbearing. G.S. and helpers had to stand outside on the platform in the cold, as they couldn't take the smell.

When they arrived in Vienna, they were roomed in the Hofburg, the old Franz Joseph Palace. The next day they went to the railroad yards to check on their trunks, which were already there. These had been ordered by G.S. from the army supplies before he left France. The only place that could handle this volume of activity was the old Viehmarkt, or cattle market. This was now practically empty. Each animal had its own pipe stall, every other one of which had to be removed in order to store a truck. A repair shop and parts department was installed (parts also from France). The truck drivers had three duties, hauling from the station food sent in by Mr. Hoover, hauling food to relief locations in Vienna, and hauling food to railroad stations for shipment to other county units. Trucks in other countries were added from Vienna. Work kept getting heavier, and at one time they had nearly seventy employees in Vienna alone, including a bookkeeper and clerk.

G.S., being young and unattached, frequently dated some of the office workers. At one time he had a date to go up a mountain to a tavern which had excellent food. This road was of the Pikes Peak type, only not as long. He was driving the old wrecker which had been converted into a very low sports car. About halfway up, fog and clouds closed in, so bad that he couldn't see the ornament on the radiator. He told his date to stand up and hold her arm out to see if she could touch rock on the right side. Driving slow in low gear, he found that he could, upon looking down the side of his car, see the difference between grass and gravel. If nothing but gravel, he was too far to the right; if nothing but green, he was too close to the edge of the road. He tried to keep the green, and the gravel, in sight all the time. He was not looking where he was going, but only where he had been. After what seemed hours of driving he heard his date say, there are the tavern lights ahead. They had made it!

Driving back down the next day, he saw places where the road edge went straight down for at least 100 feet — no fence, no railing. You can be sure there were two pairs of hands on that wheel. Experiences like that made G.S., the young Mennonite, a more devoted Christian. The transportation system, having become very efficient, needed very little supervision, each man by now well-trained to do his job. The director was only needed for making decisions which were becoming fewer and fewer in number. G.S. decided he was no longer needed, so he made arrangements to leave as soon as they found someone to take his place. After that arrangement had been made, he boarded the international train to Paris, and then to the Boulogne train. From there, by ship to New York, and by train to the home town, Rantoul, Illinois, and to some back-home parties.

(This account was hand-written by George Springer, and edited by him in February 1989, and then sent, upon request, to the Archives of the Mennonite Church.)

Post-War Immigrant Research at the Archives of the Mennonite Church

by Hans Werner[1]

The end of World War II left the people of Europe in disarray. The massive shifts in the populations of the peoples of Europe had left a refugee problem of immense proportions. Included among these refugees were approximately 12,000 of the 35,000 Mennonites who had left Russia with the retreating German armies. Immediately after the war Mennonites in North America mounted a rescue and resettlement effort to assist these refugees with physical and spiritual needs as well as to assist them in finding a new home.

The closest connections to these Mennonites of Russia were their fellow immigrants of the 1920s who had settled in Canada. This fact, in addition to the restrictive 1924 Quota Law in the United States, made Canada the country of choice for most of the immigrants. The work of material aid and assistance in the process of emigration from Germany was conducted by the Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) and the responsibility of resettlement in Canada was conducted by the Cana-

dian Mennonite Board of Colonization (CMBC).[2]

The emigration effort involved many other organizations, particularly the International Refugee Organization (IRO) which was a United Nations organization established to assist the refugees in finding a new homeland. Of the more than 15,000 people MCC helped to emigrate, approximately 8,000 eventually made their home in Canada.[3]

The Archives of the Mennonite Church, at Goshen, Indiana, has all the extant records of the MCC of that period and they provide the family researcher with a wealth of information of the period from the end of the war to the mid-1950s. The bulk of the resources consists of correspondence and lists in both the German and English languages.

The MCC records available are organized into a number of record groups. The record group with most of the immigration records is the large MCC Europe and North Africa grouping. Within the Europe and North Africa records, there are a number of sub-groups which contain records of the assistance provided to the refugees. A brief description of the more useful groupings follows:

IX-19-8 Marie Brunk Files. Marie Brunk assisted refugees in the U.S. zone in Germany from the MCC camp at Backnang. This collection contains the correspondence with the IRO and other organizations, as well as correspondence with other MCC offices pertaining to cases from the U.S. zone.

IX-19-9 C. F. Klassen Files. C. F. Klassen was Special Commissioner for Refugees in Europe from August 20, 1945, to his untimely death in May of 1954. This collection is particularly useful for the research of the "hard-core" cases. C. F. Klassen worked especially hard with the Canadian Government Immigration Mission (CGIM) to facilitate the emigration persons rejected for medical, or security reasons. The files contain primarily correspondence with different organizations and government departments. Of particular interest are the files of correspondence with the CGIM, the Fallingbostel MCC office, and the IRO. These correspondence files are both in German and English, depending on the subject.

IX-19-16 Refugee Personnel Files. This group of files contains the most valuable collection of information on individual refugees. The first fourteen file drawers contain an alphabetical grouping of individual refugee files. These files contain correspondence from the refugee as well as correspondence sent to the refugee. In addition the files contain copies of some of the documents provided to the refugee by the IRO or governments.

The extent of the file depends on the date of the beginning of processing as well as the difficulty the refugee had in obtaining immigration clearance for the country of preference. In the "hard-core" cases the file becomes quite extensive due to these factors. This collection also contains an additional eight boxes consisting of forms filled out by the refugees.

The forms required by government bodies were always submitted to them and are not in the files. However, MCC also had to have background information on the refugees, and forms used for this purpose are stored here. These include Refugee Personnel Questionnaires and Refugee Medical Examination Forms.

This group also contains a collection of various refugee lists and card indexes, including the cards of the Suchdienst, or tracing service, begun in 1953. This tracing service was established to assist the refugees in locating relatives who were evacuated to the east, ahead of the advancing German armies in 1941 as well as those who were caught by Russian forces in 1945 before they were able to get to the Western zones.

Finally, this sub-group also contains the correspondence with the CMBC which complement and in some cases duplicate the files of the Mennonite Heritage Centre, Winnipeg, Manitoba.[4]

The correspondence with the refugees is entirely conducted in the German language.

The other larger grouping of MCC files which contains information to the emigration assistance is the Gronau Files collection. The subgroups which are of interest here are:

IX-14-1 MCC Gronau Files Correspondence, Large Box 1. MCC used Vertrauensmaenner or contact persons to assist their contact with refugees not in MCC or IRO camps. Europe was divided into twelve zones with a contact person in each zone. This sub-group contains the correspondence of these contact persons and hence is useful for research into the early contact of the refugees. This record sub-group is entirely in the German language.

IX-14-2, IX-14-3 MCC Gronau Files Correspondence, Large Box 2 and 3. Box Two and the first eleven files of Box Three contain the correspondence of the Fallingbostel office. Fallingbostel was the site of an IRO camp where approximately 15,000 refugees of various nationalities were housed while their IRO eligibility was determined. This record group contains the correspondence of this MCC office, primarily with the IRO and other MCC locations. The correspondence with the IRO is always in English while the correspondence between MCC offices is in both languages.

There are a host of other correspondence files, lists, and more card indexes which may interest the researcher, depending on the country and particular immigration scheme that might be of interest.

The collection of records pertaining to the refugees provides a valuable resource in the research of the stories of the people of those troubled times. It must be remembered that their purpose was to facilitate immigration and resettlement at a time when western opinion was in a state of dramatic change. The western world was rapidly changing from the view of the Soviet Union as an ally, to the emerging Cold-War view of the former Mennonite homeland as a greater enemy than the one just recently defeated.

1 Hans Werner is a child of post-war Mennonite immigrant parents. He lives in Winkler, Manitoba, and has an active interest in researching Russian Mennonite history.

2 The Canadian Mennonite Board of Colonization was established in the 1920s to assist Mennonites from Russia to emigrate to Canada.

3 For a more detailed overview of the immigration of this time see: *Mennonite Exodus*, Frank H. Epp, Canadian Mennonite Relief and Immigration Council, Altona, 1962.

4 Mennonite Heritage Centre Archives, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canadian Mennonite Board of Colonization Collection, Vol. 1364.

Life in the Fallingbostel Refugee Camp: ca.1949

by Marie K. Wiens

Fallingbostel is an insignificant little village in northern Germany, not much more than a wide place in the rough cobblestone road, and still the little railroad station does a thriving business, entirely out of proportion to its population. Several kilometers out of town is a huge Kaserne, which was one of the training centers for the German Army. Disregarding the motive for its being built, it is a beautiful setting: neat, two-story buildings line the well-paved streets; tall, majestic trees give an air of elegance to the picture; and the double-lane highway is guarded by lovely white birches. Once, these many buildings housed the soldiers of the German Army; today they house one of the most international groups — Latvians, Poles, Estonians, Lithuanians, Rumanians, Yugoslavs, Ukrainians, etc. etc. etc., — and even Mennonites, for Mennonites are often spoken of here as a nation.

In this campground which is five by two-and-a-half kilometers (a kilometer is five-eights of a mile) there are anywhere from 8,000 to 15,000 people at one time; everyone is just a pilgrim passing through this land, to North America, Australia, South America. Many of these people have been "on the march" for a long time, some since 1943, 1944, 1945. They are a people without a home, they are an unwanted people in this land: hunted, haunted, kicked around. They have known hunger and cold, and a fear which was worse than the physical suffering; they have lived in one camp or another, without work, with too much time to think, and finally having reached Fallingbostel, they are filled with new hope, for this is the springboard for refugees being dispersed to the far places of the globe.

A people with such a background, with their hair-raising experiences, are not expected to think, to react in a normal way. One feels the throb of high hopes, of the bitterest discouragement and despair, of intense hate and love; sometimes the very old and ill do not live to realize the hope of seeing their new home, but new life takes the place of those departed.

At present our Mennonites are just a small part of this larger group described above, and it is in this particular group in which we are interested. A doctor and a nurse view their patients objectively. At the beginning we too could regard the cases more objectively, but after a short time we found that each disappointment, each joy our people experience, became our joy and disappointment. Across the dinner table, or looking up from reading a book, we wonder, "Will Mrs. Schmidt get through, will the Janzen appeal be answered positively," etc.

Playing mediator between Mennonites on the one side, and the Doctor, Security Officer and Consul on the other side, often resembles a chess game, and we watch with bated breath to see whether this family will win or not. To the other side, the persons are just numbers; to us they are souls — mothers, fathers, with children who need to get into a Christian environment, and into a school; families who have borne more than their share; people who desire nothing more than to get to their new home where they can once again have a place they can call their own; and the opportunity to work, and to work hard. The camp barometer is as sensitive as a delicate instrument, and one is swept along with the mood of our people.

While Frank plays his game of chess, sometimes winning, sometimes losing, I find things to keep me busy too. An IRO official was perhaps justified in asking Frank's secretary whether I was his chauffeur, for there are always the sick, the halt, the maimed, the aged, and helpless to transport to the hospital, to the Consul, to the X-ray departments, etc. They are all so grateful and if all their well-wishes and prayers come true, I will be accompanied by angels all my life, etc.

Almost every week we have an Abschiedsfest (a farewell meeting) here. The choir usually sings a farewell song or two; everyone brings a supply of handkerchiefs, for the Mennonites are always deeply touched at parting, they are closely bound together by a common background, by religious ties. When the group departing is to go to Gronau, it is a sad farewell because it means that they have been rejected, or furthered for six months, a year, two years; often it means that a family is divided, part going to Canada, part staying behind to be cured of sickness. When the group leaves for Grohn (near Bremen) it is a happier feeling, for after a brief stay at Grohn, they are put on ships and bound for their new homes. Many, when they get this far, can hardly believe it even then that they are on their way to Canada. Some even then are afraid that something will happen to cause them to stay behind.

The people who are furthered because of sickness or old age or for other reasons, deserve our sympathies, for many have suffered so many disappointments, they feel they can bear no more. As much as possible I try to go into their rooms to visit with them, let them talk about their troubles, their disappointments —

Fallingbostel Refugee Camp. A few of the one-thousand refugees from Buchholz, just arriving in Fallingbostel, in 1948. (MCC Photograph Collection)

one can perform a great service by merely listening and sympathizing with them. In my diary I have attempted to write down some of the experiences of the people, and it reads like a story book; Alfred Hitchcock could well borrow from these stories for another "Book of Suspense."

Some people become more a part of a person than others. I am thinking especially of Johann Vogt, who is here in camp together with his mother and younger brother. The father, as in countless cases, is in Russia, somewhere: dead? or alive? Johann is a good looking, likeable fellow, about 21 years old. Some years ago they lived in one of the refugee camps in Germany, apparently the only Mennonites in this camp. One day when Johann came home from work, the block leader, who was quite drunk at the time, told him to clean up the yard. The boy replied he had just come from work, and it was late, to which the man replied with a kick in the boy's thigh that sent him reeling, unconscious, to fall in a broken heap, senseless to the terrible injury.

The boy struggled for many weeks and months between life and death, but even after he began to recuperate, it was apparent that he had sustained permanent injury. He has undergone four operations, has spent months at a time in the hospitals; today, although he has a permanent pronounced limp, he is able, with the help of a cane, to walk — X rays have proved it is not cancer of the bone or TB of the bone as feared. Just the other day the family received permission to go to Canada, for their relatives there have guaranteed them regardless of their condition. Johann will make good; he is optimistic, friendly, and yes, even carefree. I'm very happy for them.

Then there was Tante Grete, who lost an eye in Germany, through a wood splinter. And because of her advanced age and the loss of one eye, she has been permanently rejected. I took her to Gronau one day to the Old People's Home. When the Sister came out to help her, Tante Grete asked, "Do you want me here?" to which the Sister replied, "Of course we want you here." "In that case," said Tante Grete, "I'll stay." She knows and we know that she has gone there to die, and sometimes with all hope gone, death comes quicker to such an one.

Many other accounts one could enumerate, but time and the desire to do so does not suffice.

We have a good system of communication in the States, but here in Camp, it is so advanced that we often hear via the Grapevine things which we hear officially days later; and it is remarkable how accurate the news often is. One IRO doctor told us she never discredited a rumor. Sometimes, however, the news can be quite incredible. For instance, visiting in a room recently, the family asked me if the MCC worker who had gone to Russia had gotten safely out. They almost looked at me with pity when I said I knew of no one who had gone to Russia, and frankly, I did not believe it. They had (they said) read it in a Mennonite publication last December. The Russians had sent permission; he had received his visa; the only question now was whether he could get out again.

In one sense these our people are quite gullible; they believe everything an MCC representative says, not leaving any room for him to be wrong in the end. On the other hand they are skeptical; if a medical doctor, trained in his field, tells them they have TB, they laugh, get their extra rations, and continue to be up and about, chop wood, and do all the things a TB patient should not do. They just don't believe in TB. The refugees tell me, in Russia they simply looked upon it as "ein Schicksal," a circumstance from God, to be accepted.

Life in camp is not always as tranquil as the physical setting implies. One night someone broke into the building, where our Mennonites live, and took all the wash which was drying in the attic, a considerable amount. One day in the Mess, where the non-Mennonites eat, a disappointed would-be émigré who had been rejected, quietly stabbed himself through the heart. A certain degree of immorality prevails here in camp. One must only marvel that not more of this happens, because the thousands live day after day with only time on their hands, and far too close together. Personally I treasure privacy very highly, and I can see how lack of same creates hardship, and misunderstandings. It always hurts when sometimes — not often — a Mennonite becomes involved. These people need prayerful support, for they are still very human, and temptation is not a small battle.

Three times a week, the Mennonite children twist their tongues in trying to learn English. It's fun teaching them, for they learn quickly and enthusiastically. I was quite proud of the way they were saying, please, thank you, good morning, etc., until one day when I gave them a test, half the class wrote "senkjo" for "thank you." I started all over with them and made them hold their tongues between their teeth until they

The Mennonite Choir at the Fallingbostel Camp, under the direction of Jacob Warkentin (tallest person, center, left), 1948. (MCC Photograph Collection)

could say thank you. Trouble is, anyone here over fourteen thinks he's too old to learn English and gives up entirely without trying. Often have I cited the example of my 47-year-old parents when they came to America — they learned the language quite well and even had to learn to sing "My Bonny lies over the Ocean," in night school.

Also three times a week I teach two classes for non-Mennonites, quite an international group, all grown people. This is a conversational course, and all are supposed to be able to converse in English. However, most of them speak very brokenly and haltingly, and I'm worn out at the end of the two hours from trying to get them to talk and not be afraid of expressing themselves. They appreciate having an American to teach and correct them. About half of this group is going to Canada and half to Australia. Profession-wise, they are anything from army officers to dental mechanics, artists, farmers.

Wednesday night we discuss the Sunday school lesson, in two separate groups. We divided the men and women because if all were together, the women in true Mennonite fashion would not speak at all (and were not expected to).

On Monday nights we have been showing colored slides to our people. We are also planning young people's socials and recreation, etc.

We're enjoying our work here, we're pretty lucky to have an added experience in another work and in another zone. After being here a month one gets too attached to the work and the individual problems, the activities, etc.; we hardly see how we can leave so soon again. At the same time, our schedule is full; we must hurry home for a short visit, and once again pack and go on another assignment, this time to Sao Paulo, Brazil. We believe the work there among the young people in the city will be a challenging one and we are already looking forward to this new field. How often have Frank and I talked about it — it does not matter so much what we do as long as we are doing the Lord's will and see His leading clearly. Life is rich and full, and I can never forget to thank God each morning for another new day, for health, for LIFE itself.

Book Reviews

Decorative Arts of the Amish of Lancaster County. Daniel & Kathryn McCauley. Intercourse, PA: Good Books. 160 pp. 1988. $29.95 hardcover, $19.95 paperback.

This is another well-written, handsomely designed and illustrated, and beautifully printed book from Good Books. It enlarges upon the thesis that Amish decorative arts embody Amish culture. And it discreetly distinguishes these arts from those of the theologically and culturally related Mennonites.

Quilts, samplers, rugs, dolls and doll quilts, clothing, graphic arts, furniture and other household objects are all illustrated in lavish color and with explanatory and reliable interpretive commentary with respect to a particularly distinctive period, 1860-1940. The authors also include brief biographies of the artisans whose work is represented by some 150 color photos.

Vicarious Pioneer. The Life of Jacob Y. Shantz. Samuel J. Steiner. Winnipeg, Manitoba: Hyperion Press, Ltd. 224pp. 1988. $16.95.

Jacob Y. Shantz, the subject of this first book-length biography, is a significant figure in the crazy-quilt pattern of New World Mennonite history and should be unapologetically treated as such. Both the example and message of Jesus Christ and the spirit of the New Testament call us to self-consciously own, exemplify, and promote a spirit of internationalism. Neither an unwarranted humility, nor any provincialism, should deter us from cultivating this outlook.

Prior to the publication of this book, the most comprehensive and generally accessible notices of Shantz and his contribution were the articles by Melvin Gingerich in the *Mennonite Quarterly Review* and the entry about him in the *Mennonite Encyclopedia*. Shantz was a man of extraordinarily variegated endeavors as a businessman generally, yet one who had a singular vision with regard to facilitating the Russian-Mennonite immigration to Manitoba in particular. For all of his initiatives for the good of others, his life is here told with commendable objectivity, including what many will consider some eccentricities such as marrying his first cousin, or his vegetarianism, or his venture into Christian Science.

He was a life-long defender of biblical pacifism, though he at one point did bid on the construction of a drill shed for the local militia, which he (providentially) lost.

As for his long devotion to the Russian-Mennonite migration to Canada, the author's judgment is undoubtedly correct when he says that "only as a successful entrepreneur could he have achieved the necessary stature to serve as an intermediary between the government and the Mennonite immigrants coming from Russia."

In fact Shantz made twenty-seven trips to Manitoba in the course of his 35-year effort to promote settlement in western Canada, in addition to writing a pamphlet in this interest that went through several editions, totaling several hundred-thousand copies. It would surely be appropriate to say that Jacob Y. Shantz was the Canadian counterpart to the contribution John F. Funk made to the Russian immigration process.

He may seem a bit erratic in his church affiliation, having begun as a member of the Mennonite Church, then joining the Mennonite Brethren in Christ, and briefly fraternizing with the Christian Science Church (possibly out of his long interest in, and alledged gift of, healing) before returning again to his Mennonite roots. But it must be said that whatever his affiliation at any given time, he threw himself with vigor into one or another aspect of that denomination's beliefs and program. He had a long connection with the church's publishing efforts and wrote many articles stressing the need for conversation and the New Birth in language that came, not from his Mennonite background, but from the wider evangelical scene.

Shantz believed it was possible to be actively involved in the business world without needing to step out of the Mennonite Church long before this was a generally acceptable view. His aggressive business orientation was undoubtedly puzzling, if not in-

deed seriously questioned by his fellow Mennonites who stressed humility. He was also a promoter of camp meetings and the temperance emphasis before they were generally accepted by his people. His business ventures included such diverse endeavors as the manufacture of buttons, gloves, a planing mill, and printing. He pursued business ventures in the United States as well as in Canada. And while he editorialized against smoking, he printed labels for a local cigar manufacturer!

"All princes limp" says an old adage. Steiner observes that Shantz's descendants have not remained in the Mennonite fold. While some of Jacob Y's practices seem inconsistent to us, he would have undoubtedly been pained by the knowledge that one of his sons later sold buttons to the U.S. Army, or by learning that a grandson became a career diplomat for the U.S. Government and spent one stint as coordinator of the National Security Council for the U.S. Government.

Jacob Y. was a complex man, yet a dedicated Christian and humanitarian. He aided and coordinated relief effort for Mennonites from Russia fifty years before MCC was conceived. He was "progressive" and ecumenical beyond most of his peers, but he "placed service to God at the centre of his activity."

This paperbacked book includes the full text of the popular narrative of a journey to Manitoba (spoken of above), his testimony to the Canadian Parliament, as well as some of his articles written for church periodicals. Included also are an excellent bibliography and a general index. The book is also sparingly illustrated. Shantz was indeed a pioneer in many ways in his own right as well as vicariously.

Archivist Lawrence Klippenstein, of the Mennonite Heritage Center in Winnipeg, Manitoba, writes in his Introduction to this book: "Preoccupied as we are with regional self-interest and competition, Canadians must become aware that they need each other if the larger community is to prosper and grow." Klippenstein also states that "Shantz did not belong to Ontario alone," but he then fails to extend his claim beyond "Canada as a whole." Such an emphasis tends to minimize, or even overlook, the fact that aspects of Jacob Y. Shantz's efforts hold a deeper and broader significance for all of North American Mennonitism — for example, being as he was but a part of the broader North-American efforts to accomodate the Russian-Mennonite immigrations. This larger picture must continue to be held in sharp focus.

Once this is said, most of the Canadian particularism as found in this volume can and does grant a definite strength to the work. And in this regard the author especially — but also the Mennonite Bicentennial Commission, Multiculturalism Canada, the Ontario Ministry of Citizenry and Culture, the Manitoba Arts Council and Canada Council are all to be warmly commended for their assistance in making this book possible.

Schwenkfelders in America. Peter C. Erb, editor. Pennsburg, PA: Schwenkfelder Library. 1987. 274 pp. $15.00 postpaid.

This is the second of two volumes representing the papers presented at the Colloquim on Schwenckfeld and the Schwenkfelders held Sept. 17-22, 1984f in celebration of the 250th anniversary of the initiation of the Coprus Schwenckfeldianorum project and the beginning of formal collection of the group's books and manuscripts. (Volume One has been reviewed in an earlier issue of this journal.)

It is not only their theological traditions that attract attention to the Schwenkfelders but also the fact that they are a relatively unique social phenomenon having survived nearly 200 years in Europe and another 150 years in America without the support of institutional structures.

These papers offers a significant contribution regarding important aspects of Schwenkfelder culture in colonial America. They treat the emigration, geography, demographics, indentures, architecture, relation to Moravians, Quakers, and Mennonites, hymnist/poet Sudermann, their attention to the preservation of tradition, hymnology, the Krauss organ builder, textiles and dairy farming.

--Gerald C Studer

Menno S. Yoder, in 1887

"Photograph of Menno S. Yoder at WaKeeney, Greenley County, Kansas, making final proof of a claim, June 21, 1887." — From the Menno S. and Levi R. Yoder Collection.

Yoder's entry in his diary for that day, June 21, 1887, is as follows: "Weather: clear, warm. Webb, Pittman, Adams, Mrs. Winter and I made final proof at WaKeeney. I was witness for four. I had my pictures taken (four tintypes). I am, oh!, so glad that this proving-up work is done."

For June 22, 1887 (Wednesday): "Weather: clear, N., warm. I was at WaKeeney till about 2:40 and then rode with some men towards the south and am at Troyers this evening. This is rather a rough country. S. S. Eash from Indiana is here."

Menno S. Yoder (1863-1952) was a farmer and inventor from Shipshewana, Indiana. Many are acquainted with the round cement barn and cement house he built and which are still standing, located just west of Shipshewana.

This important collection came recently to the Archives from Wayne D., and Margaret K. Yoder, Colorado Springs, Colorado, and from Gerald L. Yoder, Elkhart, Indiana. It contains diaries, farm papers, some correspondence, and photographs.

Margaret K. Yoder has recently published a book entitled *The Life and Times of Menno S. Yoder, 1863-1952: The Story of a Mennonite Family*, (Colorado Springs, Colorado: Margaret K. Yoder, 14620 Timberedge Lane, [zip 80921], 1989).

— Dennis Stoesz

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Reflections on the Meaning of Life: "Upon the Death of Teddy-Boy"

(May 6, 1925 - May 17, 1931)

by Lester Hostetler

On Saturday afternoon, May 16, we first became aware that our little six-year-old son, Teddy, was seriously ill. He had been running a temperature during the whole week, but the doctors had assured us that it came from an infection in the ear coupled with some soreness of the throat. On Friday night he became very restless and complained of pain in the legs and head which his mother and I tried to comfort by massaging and giving ourselves to him in every way possible. He called frequently for water. His sickness during the week was accompanied by vomiting and loss of appetite so that his physical strength was rapidly being depleted.

When Dr. Hostetler examined him on Saturday we noticed that the doctor had an anxious look on his face. "He is a very sick boy" was the verdict. I wanted to know the whole truth and he finally said that he thinks it is spinal meningitis. For the first moment it made no impression on me but soon my heart began to sink. We brought him home and tucked him into bed. I got out my doctor book and read the paragraph on meningitis. I told mother that he had none of these symptoms and that the doctor must be wrong in his diagnosis. By evening Dr. Bahler arrived and the two doctors consulted together, but I got nothing from them that seemed to give hope. They punctured his spine and took from him several ounces of fluid for relief and diagnosis.

Saturday night he rested somewhat better but on Sunday morning his pains in the head and neck came with repeated attacks and although he was conscious all the while and apparently himself between spells, we, his mother and I, knew what was ahead. How precious every moment was can not be set down in words. The touch of his hands and head and the sound of his voice, his good humor and his wonderful patience during suffering, were all brought to me with a feeling of an unseen power very close. We value those moments as the most sacred in our lives, the moments when our darling Teddy was making his heroic but futile struggle with the fatal disease.

Teddy-Boy

In the afternoon about 2:30 he began with convulsions and by 5:20 it was all over so far as his precious little body was concerned. We seemed to be standing with him upon the brink of heaven itself, only to glimpse and to wonder what was behind the door through which our Teddy-Boy had passed. The thought of losing a robust, fun-loving, bright-eyed, interesting, keen, active, little son and companion came to us like a crushing defeat.

He had a perfect physique as far as we were aware, up to the time of his illness. A fractured arm which he sustained in February through a fall in the kitchen was mending fast. His eyes were large and brown and attractive. He had an insatiable capacity for stories and had just learned to read. He was ready to enter the second grade of school in the fall.

His little life was full of interests. He knew and loved birds and flowers and music. He loved to hear the records on our Edison and knew many of the pieces such as Brahms' Hungarian Dance, The Spinning Wheel, and the Hallelujah Chorus. On Sunday morning I played for him a Kreisler record, a violin solo, Gavotte in G and he enjoyed it.

His mother brought him tulips which he had helped to plant and he spoke of their beauty. He had gone through the catalogs and selected flower seeds for his little garden, most of them of red colors. With Alice and Hugh, his sister and brother, he had his row of raspberry plants which he planned to care for during the summer. My tractor and new sprayer were objects of pride to him and I seemed to discover that some of the equipment that I purchased was motivated partly by the desire to share with my sons something in which they took pride. He followed me to the fields and frequently went with me on errands to town.

He loved toys — airplanes, tractors and trucks — and was fond of playing ball. How many times in the evening he asked, "Daddy, must you go away tonight?" If I said "no" he would clap his hands and exclaim, "Oh boy. Won't we have fun!" In the morning he woke up and came to my bed and snuggled close to me. How precious those mornings!

He seems to have had all the equipment in abundance which would adapt him for living in this world. He loved companions and his play-fellows always remembered him and loved him. In Sunday school he was aggressive and active but never rowdyish or ill-mannered. Ivan Hostetler remembered how

he would jump on his back and Clarence Troyer how he would box and play ball. His finger marks, as well as pencil marks, were numerous, but he was interesting, original in his remarks, colorful and altogether a distinctive and dear child in the home.

Immediately when the news went abroad of the serious illness, and a little later, of the death of Teddy, neighbors and friends began to pour in to offer their help and sympathy. It was a wonderful lesson to learn that we were surrounded with kind and sympathetic hearts to a far greater degree than we had suspected. Everything that was humanly possible was done for us to give us encouragement and help in this, our sore trial. Drs. Hostetler and Bahler gave us, aside from their professional service, a human and personal interest that will never be forgotten. William R. Mast brought me some articles by Edgar Guest. We sat under the apple tree above the house and he read them to me.

I can not fail to record for my meditation and future guidance some of the things which various people offered by way of sympathy and comfort.

"Your loss is great," said Dr. Bahler, "but you are still rich. You have a companion and three children left. I have no one."

"I can sympathize with you," said Abner Hostetler. "We lost four of our children. One was accidentally shot when he was six years old."

"I can feel for you. You loved your son. You must think of him as only being away on a visit." (Dan Mutchelknaus)

Mary Mutchelknaus said, "It is hard to lose him. But you can take comfort in the thought he is in heaven. Had he lived he might have wandered into sin and his salvation would have been uncertain."

"We all cried at our house when we heard about it. For we knew exactly how you felt. We lost our four-year-old girl through an accident only a little more than a year ago." (George Gerber)

"I felt so much for you. I know what it means. My husband died three years ago and left me with four children." (Tracie Raber)

"We think we know something of how you feel. Our daughter has recently been very ill and although she recovered we had many anxious moments before she took a turn for the better." (William R. Mast)

One person said, "We couldn't sleep at our house when we got the message. I asked my wife whether we could stand it if one of our girls would be called away."

Some said, "It is sad to lose Teddy but console yourself that you still have three children left. So and so lost their only child."

Many who came to the house made no attempt to say anything. They felt, I think, that they had no gift of words which would be of any help. Some of these were nevertheless ready to offer any service their hands could render in order to help out.

Quite a number of people said, "If we had a choice in the matter, things would be different. But we must submit to God's will."

Many of these words are precisely what I had repeated to other people many times and they are of real help, so far as words can go. Now that sorrow has come into my own personal life I can say a few things from experience.

I can not get much comfort from the thought that Teddy might have wandered into sin had he lived. It is a pessimistic view of life and seems to be the words of a defeatist. Life is a battle, and a person of courage and faith does not seek to evade it but to conquer it. I believe that Teddy had every promise of coming out victorious. At any rate I would rather have seen him given a chance to try.

I believe that Teddy is with God in heaven and it is a deep and profound thought to me. But I do not believe that God willed it that so young and hopeful a life should be crushed out so suddenly. If a man stole up to my remaining children and introduced a deadly germ into their bodies, I would consider him an enemy and a wicked person. God is love. I can not think of Him doing such a dastardly thing as to put the most fatal germ into the body of my little boy to take him.

His death resulted from evil in the world just as the fatal bullet took Lincoln, the bite of a rat took a teacher friend of mine, and the cross took Jesus. God has us in a world in which there is free will which means that there is also evil, sin, and disease. Teddy was taken from us not because God willed it but because of human limitations, either our own or someone else's. His going is a great loss and always will be. I can think of his life in no other way as one of infinite value and how much richer our own would be had he been permitted to live with us!

It may be that in some future time physicians need not stand helpless in the presence of meningitis, just as they no longer do in the presence of appendicitis or diphtheria. Progress is made only through sacrifice and suffering. Our own lives will be deepened and mellowed through his loss and it may be that new insight will come to the medical profession through it. Though great good should come to us through the experience, the fact remains that our dear little son is not with us and that his going is a loss which nothing in the world can replace.

Sorrow touches the depths of the soul. I know more now of human experience than I did last week. I can enter more deeply into their experiences and I believe I can for that reason minister better to their needs. I have no other desire than to benefit by this loss. I do not rebel against it or shake my fist at God for it. Death came to our son and there is no way of restoring him to us. It was not an argument. It was a verdict with a terrible ring of finality. We are given no choice except the choice of how to accept the fact. Let me accept the fact in humility of spirit. Let it mellow me, and crush me, but let me still believe in

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the Father of love and in Jesus Christ who blessed little children, in whose arms our dear Teddy-Boy is now living and growing and unfolding. And let the memory of his happy but all too brief days with us serve to draw our interests to the spiritual values — beauty, truth, love — of which his life was to us a foregleam, a symbol and incarnation.

Lester Hostetler, 1892-1989 In Memorium

Lester Hostetler's meditation on the death of his son, Lester Theodore, written only three days afterwards, shows intensely the manner of a man of profound faith — ideas that hence transcend time and place. Lester Hostetler did not want this to be published during his lifetime. He died July 23, 1989. It therefore seems appropriate both to publish the meditation itself and to begin to interpret the impact of his life within the Mennonite scene.

In reflecting upon the life of Lester Hostetler, I find there are two biblical persons who characterize him: Daniel and Job. The children's song, "Dare to be a Daniel, Dare to stand alone, Dare to have a purpose firm, Dare to make it known," speaks to his situation in the early 1920s. His conflict with other church leadership, which ironically was heavily influenced by "the four Daniels" (to quote Lester Hostetler — the four being: Bender, Johns, Kauffman, and Miller), effectively forced him from the Mennonite Church, in a manner, reminiscent of the suffering of Job.

In 1915 Hostetler became the first minister in the Eastern Amish Mennonite Conference not to be ordained by the lot. He was ordained, instead, upon the recommendation of J. S. Hartzler, Goshen, Indiana, at Hostetler's home church at Walnut Creek, Ohio. He then studied for three years at Union Theological Seminary, which, after his first year, was in violation of a 1916 Conference resolution — his being the only opposing voice. Such was his status in a time when few Mennonites were educated, and those who were, attended mostly "approved" institutions. Thus he became a target of suspicion — indeed, was seen as a threat — in the light of his departure from a newly established Mennonite status quo of this doctrinal era.

Several incidents in the early 1920s created additional tension between him, and a largely conservative leadership. While his adversaries could not find fault with his theology, they differed in other areas, most notably on the issues of education, attire, life insurance, and church discipline. On the latter they felt he should submit, without question, to the authority of Conference in matters of faith and practice, whereas he felt that membership in Conference was secondary to obedience in Christ. He also held the traditional Amish Mennonite view of the local congregation as the primary authority in these matters. Undergirding their differences on these issues was a basic difference of opinion on the nature of the church, which perhaps they didn't realize. On the one side, his adversaries saw the church as separated from the world, theologically as well as culturally, whereas Hostetler believed the church should be involved in the world, but of course was not to be of the world.

Lester and Charity (Steiner) Hostetler, at their fiftieth wedding celebration, 1968.

Unfortunately, their conflict was not handled well by the church leadership. After an extensive unfair propaganda campaign by one adversary, Conference existentially removed him from the ministry, obtaining congregational support by a narrow margin through the use of an open ballot and with many members abstaining. Thus he was left without a ministry among his friends and family. Soon he was called to pastor the Sugar Creek congregation (a mission church that separated from Walnut Creek) and a Reformed Church, on alternate Sundays. Within a year the Sugar Creek congregation had decided to join the General Conference Mennonite Church, thus beginning Hostetler's association with this branch of Mennonites.

Throughout his life he served the church in several roles and places. He pastored congregations in: Walnut Creek and Sugar Creek, Ohio; Upland, California; Bethel College, Kansas; and Freeman, South Dakota. He served as editor of *The Christian Exponent*, 1926-28, and at Bethel College as college editor and as Professor of Bible and Religion. In the 1950s he served with MCC in Europe. He also started and operated a fruit farm for his source of income while pastoring in Ohio, and again upon retirement.

Music was a vital part of his ministry. He wrote, "Our modern church services [need] more singing. Good hymns are biblical and teach the central truths of our faith. The singing church attracts, instructs and inspires."

He helped edit the *Mennonite Hymnary* and the *Youth Hymnary*. After retirement he worked as a piano tuner. One special remembrance of mine was watching him play the piano, seated backwards and with some skill while in his eighties!

In looking at the type of sermons he preached over the years, I have found that he was different from the normative Mennonite preacher of that day. In comparing the types of sermons he preached with those of other contemporary Mennonite ministers (at least, of many that have been placed in the Archives of the Mennonite Church), I find the following differences: Most Mennonite preachers emphasized death, fire, gospel, grace, nonconformity, obedience, salvation, separation, repentence, resurrection, and truth. In contrast, Hostetler's major themes included freedom, handicaps, heritage (Mennonite), family and home, nature, peace, prayer, race relations, and Job. Of course this does not include the many themes common to both Hostetler

and the others such as: Christ, God, and love.

In his own reflection on the church conflict of the 1920s, he has admitted that he was not entirely right, recognizing his adversaries' sincerity in their beliefs, judgments, and decisions, apart from what he felt to be their questionable leadership methods, and the suffering which resulted. Despite his many years away from the Mennonite Church, he was able to reassociate with it in his latter years — the same church which by now had accepted much of what he had stood for seventy years earlier. He wrote: "I have had the blessed experience of learning that some people who seemed to be my worst opponents years ago, are now among my best friends. Reconciliation is necessary and absolutely essential in the church that holds Jesus as Lord."

"During my more than fifty years in the congregational ministry with all their lights and shadows, I have had the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of many persons of many creeds. And in retrospect I am deeply grateful for the wholesome influence of a small inner circle of plain, sincere members of an obscure country church at the age when I was most impressionable. For from them I got the basic idea of being good and doing good which has ever been my pillar of cloud by day and my pillar of fire by night."

Lester Hostetler may be viewed as a universal Mennonite — growing up Amish Mennonite, joining the General Conference Mennonites, and then returning to Goshen, Indiana, and reestablishing the contacts of his youth. A major donation to Goshen College (in the name of his mother-in-law, Clara Eby Steiner) demonstrates the good will that continued throughout his life.

In my limited research I have discovered Hostetler to be a sincere Christian disciple, emanating mature and genuine faith, hope and love. Throughout all his trials and sufferings (rejection by church, family and friends, and experiences of sickness and death, etc.), he kept his focus on Christ and attempted to learn, through his experiences, how to minister better to others.

— J. Kevin Miller, December 1, 1989

I hope . . . that Mankind will at length, as they call themselves reaſonable Creatures, have Reaſon and Senſe enough to ſettle their Differences without cutting Throats: For in my Opinion

there never was a good War, or a bad Peace.

B. FRANKLIN

From a letter to Sir Joſeph Banks, Paſſy, July 27, 1783

The Significance of Our History

I believe a common thread running through my interest in history is a fascination with Mennonite acculturation and assimilation. I am concerned that we as late twentieth-century North American Mennonites need better to come to terms with our sectarian/separatist heritage. Although I cannot affirm some of the exclusiveness and divisiveness it has caused within Mennonite ranks, I can affirm its role (as I perceive it) in preserving some valuable perspectives. It has enabled Mennonites to view the surrounding society with a healthy skepticism, helping us to avoid buying too heavily into the notion that our "salvation" rests with the preservation of a particular government or secular society. We need to find ways of preserving that healthy skepticism, and I feel one way is to realize how much we have compromised it. This can be partly accomplished by examining the ways we have acculturated, and history is a major tool for doing that, I feel. Unfortunately we sometimes seem overly concerned about presenting ourselves and our past in terms acceptable to broader North American society. To me, the "differences" of our Anabaptist world view is its strength, and we need to affirm it without apology or an extreme preoccupation with "respectability."

— Gordon Oyer, Champaign, Ill.

Anabaptist Theology

by Robert Friedmann

The essay, as published below, was Robert Friedmann's first-draft attempt at defining what should go into the Mennonite Encyclopedia *under "Theology, Anabaptist." The editors did not see fit to use this approach, and the essay was never published. One reason for this may well have been the fact that Friedmann's analysis was based more on the Swiss and Hutterian traditions, with less emphasis upon Dutch Anabaptism. Even so, the essay is of great importance. Its significance lies in part in its early date, 1958, but also in its unique formulations. For here is none other than Friedmann's encapsulation of what later would appear as his* Theology of Anabaptism *(Herald Press, 1973). Friedmann's interpretation may prove useful, currently, in the light of present interests in the question of Mennonite merger, and in a conjoint Mennonite confession of faith.*

—Leonard Gross

I

No Anabaptist ever wrote a book or tract approximating systematic theology, comparable to what the Reformers of the sixteenth century have done. Therefore, a discussion here can point only to an *implied*, not to an explicit system of theology or theological thought, underlying all other activities of the brethren. No Christian group can exist without such

an implied set of ideas, whereas their detailed expounding depends rather on actual occasions of polemics or defense.

The question which is foremost in the present endeavor of formulating this "implied" theology of the Anabaptists is whether or not Anabaptists accepted by and large the theology of the Protestant Reformers (Luther or Zwingli, hardly Calvin), adding in addition only those aspects otherwise neglected. In other words, should Anabaptism be regarded as a sort of Protestantism, with simply a greater emphasis on practical works and conduct, otherwise in line with the Reformers?

The older outlook (such as that of John Horsch) was inclined to accept this viewpoint while at present it is felt that Anabaptist theology, as it gradually becomes better known, was in many ways as deeply different from Protestantism as the latter was different from Catholicism. Otherwise the violent opposition and persecution of the brethren would be hard to understand. According to this more recent viewpoint, Anabaptism was more than merely a radicalized Lutheranism or Zwinglianism, even though elements of both are found in Anabaptist thought.

While the great Reformers were in one sense or another Augustinians, Anabaptists were unaware of — or at least were uninterested in — the teachings of that great church father. As for the emphasis in biblical studies, the stress is shifted from Pauline doctrines, developed above all in the great Epistle to the Romans, to the basic instructions and teachings of Christ himself as found in the Synoptic gospels. The idea of discipleship therefore becomes foremost. In a rather general sense one could formulate this situation somewhat as follows: While for the Reformers the question of personal, individual salvation (from the taint of original sin and punishment for it) stood in the foreground, a question usually answered by the so-called "sola-fide" theology, the Anabaptists were primarily interested in the idea of *Nachfolge* (following Christ) which is based on an implied "theology of the kingdom of God."

Of course, the Anabaptists too were sure that this idea means, in the last analysis, "salvation" (from the powers of darkness), but salvation as taught by Luther was certainly not their primary concern. Their concern was rather obedience to the Word of God which excluded from the outset too much thinking concerning one's own fate. Only by obedience can one become a "disciple" and thus be active towards the promotion of the kingdom of God. Original sin exists, of course, but must not necessarily prevent man from such a way of Nachfolge, if man only fights in his own depth all the opposing forces.

Here we see immediately the great difference between them and the Reformers: there is no inescapable pessimism concerning man's capacity to obey God's commandments (including those of the Sermon on the Mount). The reason for this is that Anabaptism begins with the very idea of inner rebirth and a new and dedicated life, while Protestantism in general is inclined to despair of such an ability in man. Popularly, one might formulate the difference as an "emphasis on sanctification" versus an "emphasis on justification"; such a formulation, however, is too simple to satisfy, and the finer differences will become clearer only as we study the issue, point by point.

In reading Anabaptist tracts of a quasi-theological nature (usually provoked by polemics) one discovers quickly the absence of certain key words so familiar to everyone from the writings of Luther or Zwingli:

1) There is first and foremost the almost complete absense of the term "original sin" — or, if it appears, it shows but marginal significance. All the classical loci quoted by Luther are absent (e.g., in Riedemann, see *Mennonite Quarterly Review*, 1952, 210ff.), and their answer that "the sons do not inherit the guilt of the fathers" (Ezekiel 18:4, 20) is utterly un-Lutheran. In other words, total depravity is unthinkable for men who have dedicated their lives to Nachfolge and discipleship. The reborn person knows ways and means to fight the "old Adam" in us, primarily by a life of nonconformity.

2) The term "atonement" is found nearly nowhere, and Anabaptists often express their opposition to the idea that inasmuch as Christ had ransomed us from the bondange of sin, we cannot do anything more but rely on this cosmic event and accept it as a free gift (cf. "Sweet or Bitter Christ," *Mennonite Encyclopedia*, IV, 668-9). Man is not saved through Christ *in* his sin, but *from* his sin. The only known Anabaptist tract on this topic, from about 1530, *Von der Genugtuung Christi* ["On the Satisfaction of Christ," in: John Howard Yoder, Ed., *The Legacy of Michael Sattler*, 1973, 108ff.] does not really deal with the doctrine itself but only with the question: who may receive this divine grace? Only the disciple who dedicates himself altogether to a life of obedience is worthy to receive this grace. Justification is Gerechtmachung, not only Gerechterklärung.

Robert Friedmann, ca. 1955

3) Salvation by faith *alone*: This formulation leads easily to confusion because the opposite formulation, "salvation by works," contains so much ambiguity that the issues become easily blurred. A passage by Riedemann may easily illustrate this situation. He violently opposes the accusation "as if we would seek to be good [*fromm werden*, the Anabaptist term for salvation] through our own works. . . . To this we say 'no,' for we know that all our work, insofar as it is *our* work, is naught but sin and unrighteousness; but insofar as it is of Christ and done by Christ in us, so far is it truth — just and good. . . ." (Riedemann, *Account of our Religion*, 1950, p. 36).

4) The term "sacrament" is of course totally absent in Anabaptist writings, but the subject itself — baptism and the Lord's Supper — is much discussed,

more or less in a Zwinglian way (symbolism). That baptism means a "sealing up of the new birth" is of course specific with all groups favoring adult baptism. Often the Anabaptists call it with Titus 3:5 a "bath of rebirth"; to them it means a vow to walk the way of discipleship; till the end of life. Thus we might say that discipleship is more than mere "sanctification of life," rather it is sanctification after having experienced God's grace of actual (existential) justification (Gerechtmachung). Work under such conditions is not a "marital act" (as with Catholicism) but the evidencing of faith in life-obedience to God's commandments. Peter's word, You are a royal people (1 Peter 2:9), is more central to Anabaptists than Paul's cry of despondency in Romans 7.

Once dedicated to this way the Anabaptist no longer worries about personal salvation. His way is not "salvation by works" (as opponents used to say and still say so now and then) but the Anabaptist knows that no salvation is thinkable without works which show the reality of one's conversion. The term "by faith alone" is too indefinite as to be well usable for such a vision.

II

Traditionally, theology is subdivided into several topics such as christology, soteriology, eschatology and ecclesiology. Naturally, Anabaptist writings are unaware of this classification, but in broad outlines we may find some salient points to each topic in these writings:

1) *Christology*. It has to be stressed that the Anabaptists were thoroughly "orthodox" in their faith, i.e., they accepted without any reservation the Apostolic Creed and the doctrine of the Trinity. That holds true for all groups without distinction. Christ is the second person of the Trinity, the Son of God, fully man and fully God, who redeemed mankind by his death — that is, by opening a new way to fight the powers of Satan, and also by opening God's immeasurable grace to all who will follow him in true sonship. The Anabaptists accepted the orthodox "old-evangelical" teachings — prior and up to the time of the Nicene Creed. With Zwingli they eliminated all magical ideas, so often connected with the person of Christ. We should stress here also that the Anabaptists were soberly scriptural, that is, all kinds of fanaticism, enthusiasm and false spiritualism were foreign to them.

2) *Soteriology*. That humans are born in sin, is of course readily admitted; but this birth does not mean a sort of fate which cannot be overcome or escaped. The basic presupposition of Anabaptist thought is the existential fact of inner rebirth, the total change of mind. Only individuals of this type could (and would) ever join the Anabaptist brotherhoods; those who passively despaired of any essential change of life could never understand the Anabaptists both in their everyday life and in their stand at trials. Faith meant to them more than merely a "creedal assent," it meant rather an experience leading to decision and commitment.

Naturally such an attitude will unavoidably lead to conflicts with the "world" (which lives in a mixture of powers derived both from light and darkness), and with it, to persecution. The Anabaptist, however, is prepared to accept it, what was aptly called the "theology of martyrdom," meaning the expectation of the cross for the disciple — "cross," not as a marital event, but as a sign of one's own stand, challenging the world which will always contradict the path of Christ and his disciples. (Note: theology of martyrdom, i.e., the "church under the cross," is to be distinguished from a "theology of the cross," so well-known from later Pietism, but also from the writings of Thomas Müntzer and other writers of the sixteenth century.)

The idea of a suffering church is not really a "theology" in the strict sense of the word, just as the idea of "discipleship" is not theology proper (though part of it). Discipleship (Nachfolge) is often called "obedience" in Anabaptist tracts. Neither this discipleship nor martyrdom as such has in itself any "saving" quality.

The central concepts of Anabaptist theology therefore have to be sought on a still deeper level. It was recently called the "theology of the two worlds," or kingdom-of-God theology (Robert Friedmann, "The Doctrine of the Two Worlds," in: *The Recovery of the Anabaptist Vision*, 1957, 105-18). Its basic idea is the primitive Christian dualism of God and Satan, the kingdom of God and the kingdom of Satan, light and darkness, Spirit and flesh, and the like. Facing this prime situation of all existence, each person has to decide for himself which one of the two sides he is ready to join. All the well-known radicalism of the Anabaptists such as martyrdom, community of goods, innerworldly asceticism, etc., has its roots in this basic theological vision or outlook.

To this "kingdom-theology" might be added as a supplementary thought the idea of "covenant" (*Bund*). The Anabaptists have made their covenant with God (1 Peter 3:21) when accepting baptism, but more correctly God made his covenant with all those who are ready to be his children. Thus Anabaptists are "covenant people," having committed themselves to unceasing enmity to whatever belongs to the prince of the world (such as violence, adultery, greed, hatred, etc.)

(Note: One author prefers to speak of two aeons rather than two worlds, but it appears that the aeon-theology belongs in a different context.)

3) *Eschatology*. Except for marginal figures such as Melchior Hofmann and his like, eschatology has nowhere been treated in detail by Anabaptists. And yet, they draw courage and good cheer from an unelaborated-upon hope and confidence that "these are the last and most dangerous days." In other words, they believe that the kingdom of God has drawn near and will come at any moment. That gives them calmness in tribulation — they are sure that God will not delay for long his coming. Again, Anabaptists were reading Peter ("new heavens and a new earth," 2 Peter 3:13) with more understanding in this regard than anyone of the other epistles of the New Testament. But one should stress the point that Anabaptists were never adventists or millenarians of any kind. When, in 1527 at the famous Martyrs' Synod in Augsburg, this question came up, Hans Hut was expressly instructed to keep back his own ideas concerning the near end of this world, and he kept his promise. Anabaptists were loath to indulge in speculations of this kind. Only as an undercurrent would they allow remarks of this kind. After all, the kingdom of God was not only coming, it was already "among us."

4) *Ecclesiology*. The Corpus Christi is here stressed over against the Corpus Christianorum. In other words, the brotherhood of dedicated Christians

stands here against the body of all baptized Christians, saints and sinners. The Catholics as well as the Reformers accepted the Corpus Christianorum, the concept of a Christian society at large, hence their opposition to the idea of an exclusive Corpus Christi[anum].

The church (*Gemeinde*, also *Gemein, Gemeinschaft*) and the brotherhood are with the Anabaptists one and the same, both a sacred and a secular body without separation of these two functions. No one can ever reach God except together with his brother. The Anabaptist church was once well-called the "fellowship of committed disciples," and the Lord's Supper among them is the external symbol of this fellowship (occasionally called the "fellowship at the Lord's Table"). Brotherhood is more than a concern for the other's salvation, it is Gemeinschaft, community, both in things spiritual and worldly. It is essentially a love-relation (hence it implies more than merely an "ethic" of love).

At the same time this church is a disciplined church, a church which insists on supervision by the bishop or Vorsteher, and naturally insists on the ban. More than once it was called a "church of order" (cf. *Mennonite Encyclopedia*, I, 595-a), the term itself occurring time and again in Anabaptist tracts. Of course, the world of the children of God must be a world of order, and not one of confusion or arbitrariness. Whether Grebel or Riedemann, Marpeck or Menno Simons or Dirk Philips, they all stressed this element of order and discipline as part of the true church of God. It belongs as a second element to the first one of brotherly love and cooperation and sharing.

III

These then are the salient elements of Anabaptist theology. Its core appears to be the doctrine of the two worlds, with its corresponding idea that the Anabaptists' task is to attempt to realize the kingdom of God in the here and now, at least in part, and in weakness. The disciple knows the temptation of sin, but he has arrived at the decision where he will fight it and will try to follow the Master. This is possible only if he separates from the "world," but in a different way from that of medieval monasticism.

That official Protestantism with its so profoundly different genius could not understand this vision and was bent to eliminate it altogether is regrettable but understandable. Only a period of slackening of this theology, and at the same time a converging towards a "general Protestant pattern" (around 1700, see Gerhard Roosen as an example) could radically change outlook and persecution. (October, 1958)

Conference and Congregational Historians: Areas of Work (DRAFT)

The following areas should be considered as the work of the (district) conference historian and/or regional historical committee. "Conference," as used in this context connotes the regional or area conference, and not the General Conference (for the General Conference Mennonites), or the General Board and General Assembly (for the Mennonite Church), etc.

1) Appointing and working with congregational historians, whose tasks include:

a) Gathering the church bulletins and other printed materials that accrue from week to week, into three sets (the church secretary, or minister, sometimes can take care of this function); organizing these each January for the year just past; writing a short chronicle of the past year's events of one to five pages if possible; and sending one such set to the denominational archives and/or to the regional historical research center (if such exists in your geographic area) — binding one set for the church library, and keeping one complete set among the formal congregational records (for photocopying requests, etc.).

b) Gathering unpublished church records, such as Sunday school books, old congregational minute books, etc., including correspondence on the part of the minister or other leaders, and forwarding the same to the denominational archives, or to the regional Mennonite research center (if established).

c) Helping to plan for a congregational worship service once a year that centers in some aspect of our Anabaptist-Mennonite tradition, to remind ourselves how faith and history intersect within our heritage (Christianity as faith and history). The last Sunday of January (to coincide more or less with our birth date, January 21, 1525) is the logical Sunday for this.

d) Planning for congregational historical commemoration every 25 years, as a way of bringing God's past and future together, in celebration.

2) Reporting to conference: The conference historian, or the chair of the conference historical committee, should present a written report to conference each year, alerting the conference to upcoming times of (historical) celebration — such as CPS in 1990, the Amish-Mennonite tradition (1693-1993), congregational celebration, whether it be a genuine centennial, or commemoration every 25 years or so.

3) Taking interest in the regional historical research center (if established), and carrying an ongoing dialogue with the staff and/or committee that runs the center.

4) Maintaining formal, non-current conference materials: the conference historian and/or its historical committee should help coordinate this facet of work — along with collecting the personal records of past and present regional church leaders, men and women. (Some individuals, and some conferences too, have felt the need to send materials to the denominational archives, rather than to the regional, in light of the fact that regional archives often have no full-time staffing, and in light of the needs to maintain restricted-type materials in a careful manner, protecting the interests of individuals.)

5) Working with the denominational historical committees through regular contacts, in a way that will help to coordinate Mennonite efforts in things historical.

6) Working with the conference executive offices to make sure that the conference, in its annual meeting, includes at regular intervals the historical perspective in a manner appropriate for the ongoing work of the regional conference in question. This is to ensure that our

approach to Christianity is one that continues to wrestle with both faith and history: the inner and the outer, past and present (as we look to the future) — where the biblical story finds continuity in the ongoing history of the church.

7) Planning well ahead with conference for conference histories, and conference historical commemoration, as appropriate.

— Leonard Gross

The above is a draft for testing. We encourage conference historians to respond to this for appropriateness, and completeness. What needs to be: added? subtracted? changed? —L.G.

News and Notes

A published set of interviews with long-time Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) workers Peter and Elfrieda Dyck is now available for research purposes at the Archives of the Mennonite Church, entitled: *Interviews with Peter J. Dyck and Elfrieda Klassen Dyck: Experiences in Mennonite Central Committee work in Europe, 1941-1949*. The volume was edited by interviewer Robert Kreider and published by MCC. The interviews focus on the Dycks' work in Europe during the 1940s, including the Berlin exodus of 1947 when 1200 Mennonites fled the city.

Corrigenda. An article of mine, published in the *Mennonite Quarterly Review* (January 1986), "The Doctrinal Era of the Mennonite Church," has been read carefully enough on the part of several, for them to have noted some typographical errors therein. I therefore take this occasion to note several corrections:

P. 83, par. 1, line 3: 1908,... (Not: 1909)

P. 94, 10 lines from top: Christianity as doctrine— ... (Not: Christianity and doctrine)

P. 95, 6 lines from bottom: imprint, ... (Not: reprint)

P. 100, 13 lines from bottom: to be a part ... (Not: to be part)

P. 100, 12 lines from bottom: to be a spokesman ... (Not: to be the spokesman) —Leonard Gross

Recent Publications

Dyck, George and Verne Ediger, *Kornelius Ens (1819-1884): a record of his descendants in Canada and the U.S.* 1988. Pp. 180. $24.00. Order from: Verne Ediger, P.O. Box 701074, Weat Valley City, UT 84170.

Giesbrecht, Agatha, *Jacob Harder and Maria Abrams 1788-1988 Family History*, 1988. Pp. 194. $30.00 + postage. Order from author, Box 212, Plum Coulee, Manitoba R0G 1R0.

Hostetler, Jonathan J., *Papa was an Entrepreneur*. 1989. Pp. 58. $3.25. Order from author, 1410 Greencroft Dr., Goshen, IN 46526.

Slabaugh, John M., Comp., *Knit Together in Love*. n.d. Pp. 170. $10.00. Order from comp., 2658 Edison St., NW, Uniontown, OH 44685

Robertson, Helen Miller, Comp., *The Henry Royer and Sebastian Royer Families*. 1987. $30.00. Order from comp., 182 Wayne Ave., Akron, OH 44301.

Janzen, Annie, *The Bartel Reunion: A Genealogy*. 1986. Order from Annie Janzen, c/o J. Pauls, 221 Home St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 1X2.

Suderman, Susan F., *The Dietrich Loewen Family History and Genealogy, 1820-1985*. 1986. Pp. 117. Order from Susan F. Suderman, Route 8, Ste. 6, Comp. 48, Prince George, BC.

Neufeld, Herman A., *Mary Neufeld and the Repphun Story from the Molotschna to Manitoba*. 1987. Order from Mrs. Mary Neufeld, 805-666 St. James St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 3J6.

Troyer, Milo R., Comp., *Descendants of John F. Troyer and Pauline J. Mullet*. 1974. Pp. 80. Order from Milo & Susie Troyer, 3181 Dover Rd., Wooster, OH 44691.

Brentz, Wilma Schertz, Comp., *The Family Circle: Augspurger & Imhoff Genealogy and History*. 1989. Pp. 95. Order From Mrs. Carol Hornickle, 1580 Crestwood, San Mateo, CA 94403.

Horst, John E., *David H. Horst Family*. 1976. Pp. 101. Order from John E. Horst, Box 96, State Line, PA 17263.

John Horsch Mennonite History Essay Contest Report: 1988-89

Class I (Graduate and Seminary)

First: (Tie between:) "The 1920 Seminary Movement: Historical Notes on the Rationalization of Authority in the (Old) Mennonite Church," by Stephen C. Ainlay (Holy Cross College,) and

"Root Paradigms and Intra-Denominational Ideological Conflict: The Fellowship of Concerned Mennonites," by Fred Kniss (University of Chicago).

Second: (Tie between:) "Mennonites and the Social Gospel," by Janeen Bertsche Johnson (Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries) and

"Preparation for Engagement: The Developing Thought of Young Guy F. Hershberger, Mennonite Social Thinker," by Nate Yoder (University of Notre Dame).

Third: (Tie between:) "Be ye not Conformed: Enthnographic Study of the Springville Church, Weaverland Mennonite Conference, Ephrata, Pennsylvania," by James Wiegner (Eastern College, St. Davids) and "The Deaconesses of the Middle District of Virginia Conference," by Ruth K. Lehman (Eastern Mennonite Seminary).

(Prizes given within Class I only for this contest year.) — Leonard Gross, Contest Manager

Mennonite Historical Bulletin

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A Conscientious Objector's Second World War Diary

This is the beginning of Henry Swartzentruber's diary, June 25th, 1941, as a drafted CO (conscientious objector) in World War II, who was sent to Grottoes, Va., to an abandoned CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) camp that was reconditioned for COs by MCC (The Mennonite Central Committee) and local churches. This was the first CCC camp that President Roosevelt had built for the CCC program, and it is described accurately in Melvin Gingerich's book, *Service for Peace.* [1]

Bactracking a little, after I became registered I was soon given a physical examination by the local family doctor at Meyersdale, Pa., where I was employed as a hired farmhand. I answered the local board's questionnaire, and then was drafted for one year of service as a conscientious objector to war.

On June 25th, 1941, the draft board's notice stated: "You will appear on June 25, 1941, at the Somerset Local Board, to be drafted for your one year of service." It seemed useless to try for a deferment, therefore I bade my folks and friends a sad farewell and with tickets for bus and train, and with a seventy-five-cent meal ticket, I left Somerset for Johnstown, and on to Harrisburg, Pa., and then to Grottoes, Va. by next morn.

Having met another sad-looking young man in the Harrisburg station, I soon learned he too was going to Grottoes. His name was Amos Forry, a River Brethren. But he seemed so quiet; we hardly conversed at all. Soldier boys were also on the train, and we were being eyed.

June 26. At about 6 A.M. the train stopped at the Grottoes station. It looked like a village instead of a town, and there we were met by a Mennonite man in a pickup by name of John Mosemann, and also Harlan Hoover and John Wolgemuth — campers with a crew truck enclosed with a tarp. They were very friendly indeed!

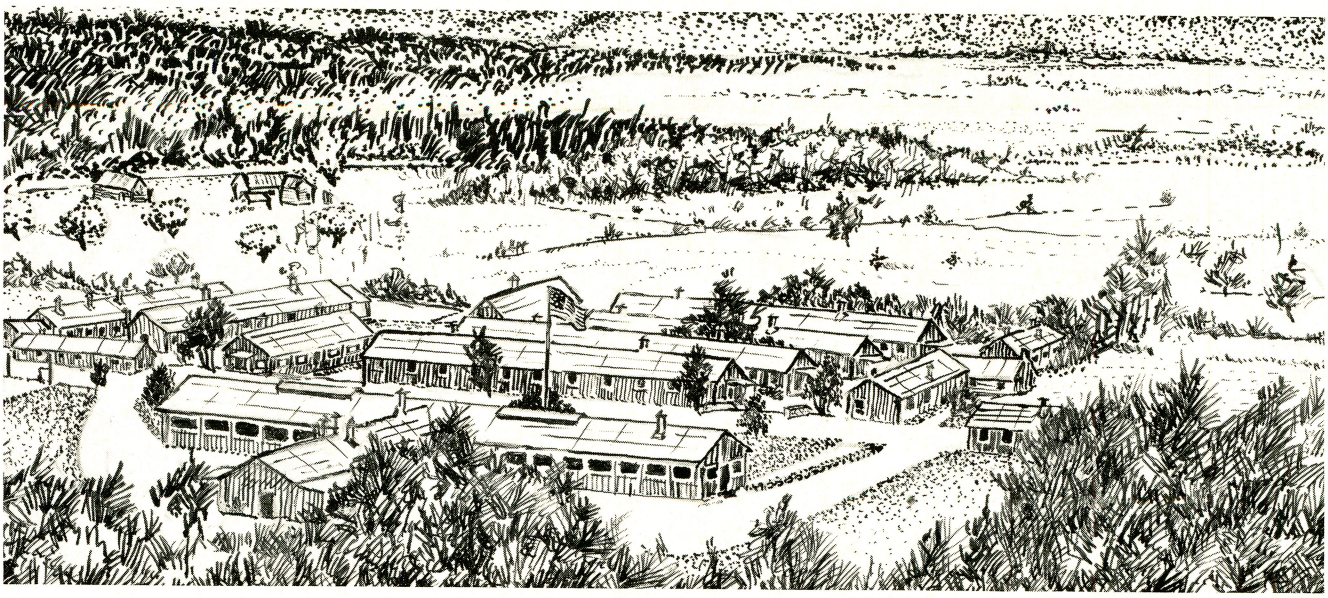
After the nine of us were loaded, we headed east toward the mountain, through fog and dust, going four miles. We stopped at what was our first sight of a CCC camp, not knowing that this would be home for us for over four years. [2]

Here we met twenty-seven similar boys going to breakfast. They had arrived one month earlier and we joined them without hesitation, for we were more than hungry. The meal was fine and so was a chapel service, and thereafter we were informed of our residence, for me, Dorm I-B.

John Wolgemuth appeared with ink and labels to mark our clothes. Pillow and blankets were provided. Each of us had a cot and locker by a window. Our nametags were posted above our bunks.

"That's your home now!" is what we heard, "and when you're unpacked, come on over to the office," whereupon each one was assigned his work for the day.

Richard Nolt and I were shown a series of coal-pile rows, dumped on the ground above the kitchen. This had to be sifted, the fine in one row, the coarser in another row. No problem! . . . Except that I was lacking energy. The neck of the woods, namely, had no air movement, and the weather was terribly warm and humid. Furthermore, the black coal drew the immense heat from the sun, and the fine dust about dried all the



The Grottoes CPS Camp #4.

moisture from our bodies. Besides that, I was still weak, just getting over the three-day measles, along with a sleepless night on the train.

Day's end was very welcome and after supper I lay down for a snooze, only to be awakened by the bell the following morn, still fully clad.

June 27th, Friday. This indeed seems to be an entirely new, fresh day. We are already "bell conscious" to do anything and everything. I'm the third Amish boy to come here; Levi Yoder of Dover, Del., and Daniel Peachey of Belleville, Pa., were here already.

Seemingly the CCC fellows were transferred into the Armed Services. Their work here had been to build the famous Skyline Drive on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and construct fire trails and towers in the Shenandoah National Park.

Furthermore God seemingly provided the correct timing to change this camp over into soil conservation work, for this service had been badly needed in the Shenandoah Valley already for several years, seeing the extent and depth of the gullies in some farmers' fields. This soil conservation service is just now being organized, and is in its infancy. Our work is to be an example for other farmers, yet we, too, are in our infancy in learning such methods.

Our wages shall be zero ($0.00) and we furnish our own clothes and time. The home churches furnish our food, plus $2.50 per month for bare necessities. The Mennonite Central Committee furnishes our residence and provides leadership, while the United States Government furnishes our work, transportation and tools — and lastly, Selective Service determines our furloughs and regulates the entire operation, plus determining our length of stay: OH-WHAT-A-LIFE?? . . . "FREEDOM" must be something we did not realize we had had before now! . . .

June 30. Nineteen more boys enter camp: some sad, some glad; some large and tall, some silent and small. All, birds of a feather, shipped together!

We're all getting physicals, vaccinations and inoculations repeatedly, and some reacted with a fever, but we do have the Fourth of July off as a holiday to

Commemorating Civilian Public Service: 1940-1990
Editorial

I. CPS: Background

Fifty years ago, in the year 1940, Civilian Public Service was enacted into law in the United States. This was the culmination of five years of careful groundwork laid by the historic peace churches — the Church of the Brethren, the Mennonites and the Society of Friends (the Quakers) — followed by step-by-step negotiations with the governments of Canada and the United States. Intense preparations on the part of these religious groups, especially at Goshen, Indiana and North Newton, Kansas, in 1935, resulted in a proposal of church and state cooperation in a program of alternative service for those who oppose participation in warfare on the basis of conscience. Such an idea had already been spawned in 1918 by the peace churches (see MHB, July 1972), but was then dropped because the war ended soon thereafter.

A major reason for the success of these church-state negotiations was that the peace churches began negotiating with the government well ahead of the time the United States formally entered the war in 1941. The threat of war was on the horizon, of course; in 1933 the Third Reich had come into full swing, soon to enter into an alliance with Italy. That same year Japan announced its withdrawal from the League of Nations, demonstrating on several fronts its expansionist mood.

For these and other reasons President Roosevelt and the United States Congress began to lay plans for preparedness, in case of war. And it is here where the peace churches seized the initiative to be in on the ground floor in the whole intricate process of lawmaking. Close contacts began in the mid-thirties, and continued strong over the next decade, up to 1945 when the war ended. (This of course also laid the foundation for close collaboration between church and state in post-war relief efforts of reconstruction.

II. The CPS Program in Action

One unusually profound document that gives immediate entree into the nature of the CPS program is the diary of Henry Swartzentruber, a member of the Old Order Amish. His unusual abilities to transform actual experience onto paper surface in his descriptions in particular of camp life and the work program, and contacts in general with church, state and society.

During the years 1990 and 1991 we shall be commemorating these special happenings of fifty years ago: the enactment in 1940 of the Civilian Public Service program; and in 1941, when the first draftees entered this program.

This issue of the MHB helps set the broader framework of the CPS era within the confines of one remarkable story, as told by a youth, hardly grown up as to years, yet who was thrust into positions of responsibility, and survived. Henry Swartzentruber not only survived; he rose to the occasion, proving that his Old Order Amish upbringing stood him in good stead, as he attempted to make mature judgments, often under trying circumstances.

— Leonard Gross

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recover. Those of us who felt like it hiked by foot to the famous Skyline Drive for the first time. Wonderful indeed! This helps our appetites and improves our morale. We find out that the famous Appalachian Trail is above the camp site on the western side of Austin Mountain.

Here also is the camp's water supply. There are several good mountain springs funneled into a great concrete cistern, then fed by gravity through a pipe into camp. It arrives in the camp under seventy pounds of gravity pressure at all important points. There's no wonder when the shower head is turned fully open it begins to sting. Good provisions for water "battles," which COs call "contests," which sometimes have turned into conflicts. In any case, there is an ample supply of excellent water almost all the time: a real fire protection.

The camp workers by now have moved the latrine, built and supplied a laundry, prayer room, chapel and benches, woodworking shop and machinery, library and contents, social hall and kitchen. A plot was cleared for a garden, to plant melons, etc.

July 7th. Our first day out on the government project, and each person dug one posthole when it began to rain. We returned to camp.

July 8th. Dug postholes fast: ten by twelve by thirty inches deep. It's hot and we tire quickly. At two P.M. it rained and we returned to camp. The government man is used to slaving CCC laborers and there's no hem-hawing, for he'll ride you quickly; but he hasn't worked us in the rain.

July 9th. Fencing starts on the posts. A Martin Heisey in our group has been chosen as duty foreman. He's now in charge of this crew under Mr. Trent. We get along better and more easily.

To build a fence, the line of fence is first decided on by farmer and government men, then a stake is placed on each corner. Then, when our crew arrives on such a job, first thing is to mark off the fence for postholes. A mason line is stretched from stake to stake. A mattock and tape measure is then used to mark each post on that line; the mason line is removed and forwarded to the next section to be marked off. The diggers start digging postholes, putting loose dirt up hill; as each finishes his hole, the person moves up front. When the holes are finished on that section the post planters start planting posts (if they are placed — sometimes we first needed to cut trees and make posts in rainy seasons).

Camp crew at work. From left: R. D. Rhodes, Jay Farmwald (night watchman), Lloyd Schlabach (facing away), Ernie Detweiler (facing away), Christ Yoder (back, right), Landis Martin (foreground, right), and on far right, Lynford Krupp (?).

To plant posts the mason line is stretched from stake to stake and the corner posts planted plumb, each way. Then the second line is stretched plumb above the first line, and the remaining posts are planted to these two lines: three boys to each post, one shovels dirt, two stamp ground tight with bars. And here is where a saying started: When the government man with his Southern accent says, "boys, bare down on dem barrs!", he meant the dirt should be tightly packed and the post solid. Two boys who were experienced with saw, axe, hammer and hatchet, fitted the braces into the corner and brace posts, finishing up with brace wire. Each corner had a double brace. Another set of fellows would unroll the wire and stretch it with a hand stretcher, then staple it correctly in place. No sharp ups and downs: it was to be well-made and to look professional with each post-top sawed off alike. Any left-over material such as loose dirt was to be removed. Many boys really learned to build a good fence.

July 26. By now, one month to my credit. I alone had 22 visitors, very much appreciated. At each Sunday church service there's a new voice heard preaching. This is something really inspiring. Many times I write down some remarks — so beneficial.

A Brethren preacher had earlier spoken to their boys here at camp, and today eighteen Brethren boys bid us farewell as they get transferred to their first Brethren camp up in Kane, Pa.

Continually there are new boys coming in. On August 12 there came a group of thirty, so that by August 14 the fourth crew was started on soil conservation work.

When Friday, August 8, slowly approached, Gerald Miller and I were able to get our first weekend leave. So at 5:45 P.M. we headed home in Gerald's Buick, and safely made it home to Oakland, Md., at 9:15. Next day I planted a cedar tree I brought home, and talked and talked and talked while we made three gallons of ice cream. On Sunday we went to the baptismal service of my brother and only sister, and some of my friends of Meyersdale, Pa., also attended.

We got to camp again by 4:30 A.M., Monday, only to find out that Daylight Saving Time had begun. I got one-half hour of sleep.

August 13. We had a fire drill at the dining hall. Each fire-extinguisher, hose, bucket and ladder had its assignee quickly on duty. No problem.

August 26. Nine boys that are twenty-eight years old or over, including our foreman, apply for release, for which they are now eligible.

August 30 through September 1. Many of us took a three-day weekend to overcome our lovesickness—we found that love and friendship still satisfy! We could view the most beautiful Northern

Lights this eve I had ever seen.

September 21, Sunday. I fasted. In the eve we heard a Mr. Weaver of Augusta Co., Va., preach on being a CO in World War I, and with such sermons there's no sleepiness anywhere!

September 23. Today I take on the duty as crew foreman, on the Jordan Bros. Farm, a job I'd much rather not tackle, but someone has to. This involves the ability to understand and fulfill the work orders of the technicians, getting along with the government men, the farmers, and with each person on the crew. (In my later years of experiences, fulfilling work orders sometimes became a problem, when farmers couldn't buy fencing materials. Also attitudes toward us as COs surfaced at times, especially when farmers had soldier boys in service. Thankfully, almost always we could humbly explain our stand by telling them our terms grant us nothing [zero] for wages, clothes and our time, our churches furnish our food, the government provides this work of national importance, and Selective Service continuously rules over us.)

CPS boys entering the dining hall, probably for supper ("They look tired"), in their everyday clothes.

October 4 and 5, Saturday and Sunday. Checked and sharpened tools, and I had a short but pleasant personal talk with Henry Fast (the director of CO camps). On Sunday he preached — very good. We had a pleasant sacred meeting on the lawn in the moonlight, for it's very, very warm. Some former campees paid us a real visit.

October 13. Had our first lesson in first aid class.

October 14. Our crew works on fence removal and construction, fifty-five miles round trip from camp, which equals one-and-one-half hours of driving, on the B. B. Hanger farm southwest of Staunton. Mr. Zeigler is technician, Mr. Frank Eastham is government camp superintendent. He taught forest-fire-fighting methods and safty rules, and we like him, for he understands our ways and we understand him too. He can become firm and famous with us.

October 16. Major McGlean and other officers on inspection visit here at CPS #4 (Camp Number Four, within the Civilian Public Service program).

October 18. Some boys go with farmers on their own time off, on Saturday, and cut corn for pay at twenty-five cents per hour. Many say it's good, while others say, not so good.

October 19, Sunday. J. W. Musser preached in chapel here and then in the eve about forty-five boys in two truckloads went to Eastern Mennonite School in Harrisonburg to hear Jesse Martin of Canada preach.

October 21. Our work takes us near the shop where Mr. McCormick built his first reaper. Formerly we passed the Woodrow Wilson residence where he was born. Mr. Mosemann held the third class in the study of the Book of Revelation.

October 28. Several more crews stayed around camp and heard several instructors explain forest-fire fighting and more instructions.

October 31. Weekends are changed. We get from Saturday noon till Monday morn off — which really causes some more gripes.

November 1, Saturday. We are informed Germany has declared war on the United States Navy. Camp atmosphere with all this has seemed to shrink somewhat. But without any clue or warning, on November 2, Sunday, a carload of my best friends of Meyersdale, Pa., arrived here for the day. This took my attention for this day well spent! Rev. Otis Yoder preached in our chapel (1 Cor. 3).

November 8-9. My home folks come here to my surprise, and stayed at Grottoes overnight and next day (Sunday). They were with me all day. Also my Aunt Sarah of Norfolk, Va. Meals could be arranged for, if reserved ahead of time. These events helped beyond words.

November 10. Cut my knee with the heel of an axe accidentally, and drained my joint water. Dr. J. D. Miller of Bridgewater, Va., put in one stitch and says "you'll be o.k." (And in time, so it was.)

November 14. C. N. Hostetter here tonight and preached, it's his first camp stop, and he intends to be among the rest of the camps too. We appreciated him very much.

November 18th, Tuesday. Forest fire at Reddish Knob, 600-900 acres burn off steep mountains, probably caused by bear hunters. Two camp crews of twenty men each dispatched at early morn and the third crew at 10:30 A.M. Our trucks climbed the mountains in creeper low gear with full throttle. We stopped at the fire trail and then walked two miles, just above the wilderness fire. There the ranger halted us, and clearly instructed each crew, for the fire was coming up the gorge like wild fire. We took our final drink of water and moved forward ready for action, this being our first real forest fire fighting.

Within 200 feet we met the fire head on, and immediately each crew took one side of the fire, raking a fireline and quickly setting back fires. But the wild fire would sometimes crown into the evergreen trees and we were obliged by heat and sparks of fire to halt and reverse the fireline before we could advance ahead again. Some of the fellows nearly panicked from smoke and heat, and from sparks, simmering holes in their clothes, but with more efforts the front of the wild fire was dampered. We fought fiercely for a full hour, and when we got

alongside the fire it got more controllable and finally by late P.M. we come upon areas where the 500 CCC boys and college students had the fire under control, now that the winds had died down and the night air drew more dampness.

By nightfall the entire fire was under control and we were very tired, with red smoked eyes and headaches. No food and only one quart of water for thirteen-plus hours. We lay on the cold ground in the darkness by a kindled fire and rested for hours. But by eleven o'clock a ranger arrived with three lanterns, and forty of us filed behind each other in darkness, over boulders, wildernesses and dry river beds and bottoms for over two miles where we were met by our trucks, way back in the mountain roads. The ranger led the way till we knew our way back to camp. He bid us thank you and farewell.

Got to camp towards Wednesday morn, November 19th. Took to the shower and got rid of black dust, sweat and grime, then ate a full meal and slept till noon, when we were dismissed for a holiday vacation (Thanksgiving). Thereupon about half the camp took off on the road.

Alphus and Levi Yoder and I left for the wedding of our campee friend Daniel Peachey in Belleville, Pa. We stopped for our supper at a restaurant store before we got on the turnpike. While waiting, there was a real thump on the floor and some store shelves fell over. The wife of the restaurant owner ran to the store-side. People were pulling her husband from behind the counter where he had been waiting on customers, and had fallen with an epileptic attack. They were trying to open his tight jaws to remove his cud, since he was not breathing. He began to turn blue, and as a last resort, I asked to help, and placed my one hand on his forehead, and the other on his jaw, and pulled. With the weight of my knee on it, his jaw began to open — when all of a sudden the tobacco cud juice sprayed out over my white shirt. The man survived and finally got up, but our appetites were gone, and my shirt needed cleaning before going to the wedding . . .

Sunday, Nov. 23. Bishop Christian Leaman of Lancaster Co. preached, and also two other Christians spoke awhile. Had over one-hundred guests in our evening chapel service; the Park View Ladies Chorus sang. Very good!

Sunday, November 30. Fought forest fire at Waynesboro, fifteen miles south, with eighteen-man crew. I halted traffic with a red handkerchief to march our crew across Route 250, and got acquainted with forest warden Mr. Eyes who formerly was warden in my home area of Red House, Md. Several truckloads of campees attended a singing at the Hildebrand Church. It's the nearest Mennonite congregation.

December 3. The third issue of our camp paper, *Olive Branch*, was sent off today.

December 7, Sunday. Had church and Sunday school as usual. We heard on the radio that JAPAN IS BOMBING PEARL HARBOR, AND THE U.S. IS ALREADY DECLARING WAR ON THEM. Very cold.

Grottoes Dorm #4 (next to "Dorm #5"—the name given to the camp latrine!)

December 8, Monday. Radios and newspapers are full of war actions, and we shudder! This generation here has never experienced any such actions and our parents are far away.

December 9. Crews are trying to build fence among all the confusion. So Mr. Eastham, the government superintendent of this camp takes the four foremen and two office boys for a real supper at a restaurant in Harrisonburg, and those who would, went bowling with him. He meant it well, but this warring fear remained in most of us. We secretly filled his gas tank (nearly ten gallons) with newly rationed gas, all to his surprise.

December 10. Fifty percent of the Christmas furloughs are cancelled here by way of Washington headquarters. War. War! is terrible these days.

December 11. Germany declared war on the United States today. Japan suffers heavy losses. The United States and Great Britain both lose two battleships each, lately.

December 15. Building fences on frozen ground. Henry Fast here today and gave a good talk. Started to ask the blessing aloud at noon during project work. At noon we had one cheese and peanut butter sandwich, a heated hamburger sandwich, potato salad, cookies and apples. We have plenty to eat at present.

December 24. Worked at Altaffer's near Weyers Cave, cutting and burning thorn-trees. Had the farmer's two horses to drag the trees onto the side of a gully where we had a very hot fire, to roll the trees down into the fire with forks. We all co-operated well and double shifted the crew during the noon hour, and by 1:30 P.M. were finished. We started home for Christmas furlough at 2:30. A real treat!

December 31. Started a great project for J. A. Fulton at Mt. Meridian. Changed to International trucks. A group of Brethren folks came to camp and sang carols and held an interesting program and service till midnight.

1942

January 1. A holiday, and only twenty-three boys here. Even the director, John Mosemann, is away to some meetings at Chicago, Ill.

January 4, Sunday. No visitor or

preacher came for church, and so Earle Mosemann (a campee, recently ordained as minister) preached his fourth sermon, taken from 1 Samuel 15:1-24, and also Daniel 3. He did well.

January 5. Building fence among rocks at Fultons and at noon he blasted a few holes for us while we ate dinner, and a flying rock just missed me while I was halting traffic on the road. In the eve we had first aid classes by a Mr. Kempfer.

January 7. About twenty new fellows came to camp today.

January 8. Second "weather day": No work. Temperature, zero.

January 9. Third weather day. No work.

January 10. Fourth weather day. No work.

January 11, Sunday. Rev. John Mumaw, Harrisonburg, preached today. Had an interesting chapel meeting in eve about what COs are being asked in Great Britain.

January 15. A furlough day for me, as my dad, three brothers and Ross Crowe as driver, arrived very early and ate breakfast with us and also attended our chapel services. They looked all around the camp and saw the crews dispatched for the day. We viewed the Fulton farm and the fences we're building, and then we left on a Suffolk horse tour through Sperryville, Culpeper, Warrenton, Bealeton, Midland and Marshall, seeing some fine imported Suffolk horses, since Dad keeps Suffolks for his horse-power. I then left them at Winchester and by bus to Harrisonburg and by camp truck to camp by 11 P.M. A long, good day.

January 19. John Snyder's are here today.

January 20. Grubbing "Devil's Shoestring" bushes in a 5-A pasture hillside for B. B. Hanger at Staunton.

January 21. Grubbing and gripping. Two full crews. Major Victor Olson of Selective Service Systems in D.C. spoke long in chapel in eve. One thing I remember he said was, when he was being taken into the Armed Forces, he decided to be "an observer" and signed up as such, so as he'd not get involved in any sort of labor — thinking to himself how wisely he'd chosen. After all papers were finally sorted and sent, and he arrived at the camp base and was established, the very first duty he got involved in was pick, shovel and wheelbarrow. Thereupon he reminded his superior that he had signed up as an observer, whereupon in a few snappy words the reply was: "Great men start up from below," at which point he picked up his shovel. So, Major Olson.

Grottoes camp library.

January 25, Sunday. Church and Sunday school meeting in the chapel in the eve was, "Our 1500 hours in camp-life and how we shall use it." Many visitors. Weather very warm, especially nice.

January 27. Building fence again, nearly too wet. Mr. Eastham gave an interesting soil conservation speech in chapel, and had a few faults to tell us, misused axes and a slack up on work ever since new boys have joined us.

January 28. Rainy day. No work. Wrote letters. We had lost-and-found sale of goods, Daniel Peachey, auctioneer.

January 30. Worked on Ernest Abbott's farm near Staunton, pulling stumps with the farmer's ten-twenty McCormick-Deering tractor and such an awful heavy chain that the tractor would start in high gear by the stump, and couldn't break or injure anything, 'cause the chain was too heavy to straighten quickly. We had a good time for rough-necks!

February 6. Thirty-five new men, and others, had forest-fire training today.

February 8, Sunday. Church and school. Had Amish visitors, Bishop John Hostettler of Dover, Del. David and Henry Fisher of Lancaster County, Pa., and they had a long talk with us in the chapel concerning the opening of an Amish camp on a farm at Boonsboro, Md.

February 9. Changed our time one hour ahead, called War Time. We go to work at eight o'clock, one-half hour off for noon, and return at 5:15. Lights out at ten o'clock.

February 11. Working on the Hanger farm, building check-dams in eroded pasture fields. First cut brush and haul or drag them into the gully. With an axe, cut them into short branches and place the top of the branch up hill in the middle of the gully until the side is about one or two feet deep. Place a long pole or stick across the top of the branches, take a bar and make a hole down through by this stick into the ground and use stakes in these holes. Wire this stick and stake tightly and finish driving down the stake with a sledge till its firm and tight.

Place enough dams into the gully so one dam will back up dirt to the next one, since the rains flush down through. Slope down the sides of the gully with mattocks, seed the entire bottom and sides with grass or grain or both and hope there's no gully washer before it heals.

February 12. I ordered 400 cards with camp picture from the Nyce Co. The picture includes the entire camp taken from the mountain. They are for sale at two for five cents and will go fast. About twenty-five boys donated a half-day's work digging cellar for a Port Republic man whose house burned down.

February 15. Church by Henry Garber of Mt. Joy, Pa. His sermon was about our standing as COs, and how he

interpreted the sermons for Bro. Mosemann in Africa.

March 3. A heavy snow, ten inches deep. No project work. Everybody's happy except two carloads of furlough boys stuck at Cross Keys and didn't get to camp on time. But they did call camp. The boys had a terrible snowballing.

March 5. Mr. Laungh (government man) brought 50,000 young trees to be planted this spring. We hilled them in until used.

March 9. Terrible windy last night. It shook the dorms and our stove overheated, I couldn't sleep, so read by the stovelight.

March 17. Rev. Orie Miller of MCC and Hurst had chapel service in the morn.

March 21, Saturday. Three crews (sixty men) sent out on fencing job and I was the only one to know where to start building fence.

March 22. Sunday school and church service by John Mosemann. Jake Hartman (an old man) was in charge of the evening service which started at seven and lasted till after 9:30, unlike any other services. It seemed short, since everyone enjoyed every bit of it. He spoke on the Civil War in the Shenandoah Valley according to his father who wrote a book entitled, *Life of Peter Hartman*, who was involved as a CO and was compelled to haul shoes by wagon and two teams from Harrisonburg to Staunton. At night he unhitched and fed the horses by the river and tried to sleep under the wagon, but the whippoorwills were too loud. He finally did get to Staunton and fed the horses while unloading. He quickly hitched and left without further orders, taking the back roads at top speed. He unexpectedly just about met a general and his army, so he turned off short near Dayton and again escaped, finally getting back home.

He also told how a general in Weaver's Mennonite Church stood up after the benediction and ordered all men within draft age, eighteen years and over, to now report for war at once, and how they fled into hiding under barns, bushes and boulders in the mountains. Then came a snow and they were on the verge of being traced through their tracks when they began walking backwards all the way to West Virginia, where they were free. The scouts were outwitted when they couldn't find the men that seemed to have walked into the mountains.

Another story had to do with how the enemy army set up artillery at Port Republic, wanting to attack by using the bridge, but when it became known to the other army general, he swam his horse over the river, seized another uniform and approached his enemy from the rear as being their authority, commanding them to break up and reset camp on top

Grottoes CPS ball game, played among themselves. John Mosemann, first camp director (r.), and Francis Troyer, to his right.

of the hill where they can do something. And while they were so doing, he left them secretly, swam back to his army and with them marched across the bridge, then burned it off and captured the opposing army by surprise.

He told how at night one could see barns and mills burning to the ground with nearly all livestock killed off for miles and miles around. At another point he mentioned how President Lincoln was shot and 45,000 viewed him double file on both sides and every five minutes a cannon was fired off and three teams of shiny black horses, all in step, slowly and solemnly pulled the hearse while fine bands played "Oh, Come and Let Us Worship!" These are but a few instances found in the book, *The Life of Peter Hartman*.

Our meeting closed with the hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers, Holy Faith," being earnestly sung. I go to bed after midnight, thanking God we have it as good as we do. Amen . . .

March 26. There's a new camper here who acts queer and simple, by the name of P.K. He jumps steps, sticks his head partly into the hot stove and disappears at night for days, so that we were obliged to hunt for him with no success, and Mosemann had to report him "missing." It was broadcast by radio, WSVA and Harrisburg, Pa., that we also heard it here in camp. But, after several days and nights he mysteriously appears in the kitchen, weak and wet! Now he's being released and reclassified. Just really how wise or wicked was he? I wonder??

March 31. While coming home today we met up with a herd of about 150 cattle in one big drove on the road, driven by several herdsmen on horses with dogs. We had to detour!

April 3. Good Friday. No sign of a holiday. We all worked, building a one-mile-long straight fence for Mr. Fulton. I did observe the holy day from eve until midnight and felt justified.

April 6, Easter Monday. Last eve, I was awakened when a call came for our crew to go fight a forest fire at Big Meadows on Skyline Drive eastward down over a very steep, narrow mountain road. We followed a forest ranger in our very lowest gear. John Brenneman (our truck driver) let the truck motor race so terribly fast that I was scared, and I cautioned him, "Not so fast! We'll go slower with safety or else possibly lose our lives!" The fire was a sight to behold since it was a still night at 3:20, the full moon arose just above the high mountain fireline lengthwise — unlike any other fire.

We raked a fireline and fought the lazy fire easily, over cliffs, rocks, and boulders. Seemingly it was under full control by daylight. So we were fed and released at 9:30 A.M. and got to camp again by 12:45 noon. We showered, ate and slept, only to find out at 5:00 P.M. the fire had flared up again and was out of control. Two more crews were sent to fight it all night again, and by the next morning, three more crews were on the fire all day. T'was rough going, and well remembered.

April 17. Forest fire at Elkton. Four crews called out at night, as flames crowned into the trees, fifty to seventy-five feet high, and we are all tired out by daylight, and several boys were "done-for," but the fire is under control, with one crew staying on to patrol.

April 20. Tree planting crews are busy. Seven men digging with mattocks, seven planting. Two dropping trees and fertilizing — very systematic. Japan has four cities bombed heavily and seems losing out. Gabriel Heater on the evening radio can about cause chills as he "blows his top." We must realize why . . .

April 29. Boys all get a shirt from Henry Hoover of Lancaster Co., Pa.

May 1. Worked at Fulton's and fin-

ished the 269 rows of fence in one entire stretch — all new woven wire, which is very scarce: a total of 1090 rods for him. Boys begin to look like Indians from their suntans as it's very warm. Had hash and double hash for a bum supper. Rice, tomatoes and onions cooked together, salmon and eggs fried with each other. A mixture of some mince meat happened to be good. Sugar is rationed at one-half pound per person per week. Classes at present are: typing, bookkeeping, men's music course, prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings, first aid (both standard and advanced), core course, soil conservation and safety meetings.

May 4. Six from our camp left for the Brethren camp opening work at Lyndhurst, Va., then they'll return again.

June 1. Had a special assembly. A telegram message arrived from the National Service Board for Religious Objectors and the Selective Service System. They now have a program for campee volunteers to sign up for work called Detached Service, to be employed in hospitals, farming and research at Beltsville, Md.

June 2. More information on this service, and action is forthcoming! There are well over one-hundred boys involved someway or another.

Today we cut brush along Port Road-side, and after dinner we found a drunkard laying in the brush we had just cut before dinner. So in our amazement we told the neighbor about it. He came and looked the man over a bit, took his pocketknife and cut several small brush and covered him a bit so that he wouldn't be exposed to the road and the sun, then left him to recover. He was a veteran of World War I, and drew a bonus: a drunkard.

June 5. Chose three fellows to attend a meeting in Baltimore, Md.

June 6, Saturday. Three crews dug Devils Shoestring brush with mattocks at Harnburger in A.M. In the P.M. sixteen boys agreed to help a farmer, Mr. M. He fetched us in a truck and unloaded us at a very large field of small sweet corn, telling us to pull corn, but leave three or four stalks per hill. The field was over eighty rods long and each one took a row, and when I got half-way through, my back ached badly. Most of the others could keep a-going. After rubbing and coaxing my backbone, I completed one round and began to apologize to the farmer for my acute back pain, whereupon he remarked, it's my head instead of my back, and uttered profanity enough that I started pulling corn again. Finally my poor ailing back wouldn't straighten for relief and I was obliged to crawl on hands and knees to pull what corn I could, and I did make the second round, whereupon I begged and pleaded with the farmer that I just cannot pull corn with my broken, aching back, that I wouldn't even charge him for what I've done — when suddenly he became enraged, shouted, swore and cursed, till I myself went to pulling more corn to have him stopped. When we finally finished, he hauled us back to camp and while unloading he said, "I'll need you all next Saturday and then I'll pay" (no one ever got paid). I crawled off the truck, down to my bed without supper, shower or undressing, and stayed on my back in bed for twenty-four hours before I moved for a meal.

(Now, 47 years later, I've seen all kinds of doctors, as I still contend with back troubles. In the meantime we've returned to visit our friends and foes during CPS, although I never again met Mr. M; we were informed, however, that he was silenced as a pastor — and I can surely believe it . . .)

June 8. Yesterday in Grottoes a drunken Negro shot the marshall through the arm and chest while he was attempting to part the Negroes who were fighting. The marshall then shot the Negro to death on the spot.

June 17. Blackout, from dark till tomorrow morn throughout the state of Virginia. No lights allowed.

June 18. M. C. Lehman spoke to us in eve as a recently returned missionary of Germany, telling us what is shaping up over there.

June 20, Saturday. Our crew helped in the garden in A.M. In P.M., twenty-six of us helped the farmer Yancey to shock forty acres of wheat, thrashed nearly 700 bushels of barley, made several loads of hay, worked in the garden, milked his one cow, and came back to camp at 10:30 P.M. each with $3.00.

June 2l, Sunday. Longest day of the year. School and church as usual. Nonresistance meeting. Very, very warm. These black-tar buildings draw a lot of heat. Boys, sweating, laying almost naked on their bunk beds.

June 25 & 26. My first year in camp, and it seems like a great big full year. I spoke in the core course on the Old Order Amish, and tried to answer the many questions that came up.

My Aunt Sarah and others arrived in eve and remarked, they have now, as the first Amish of Norfolk, Va., bought property at Stuarts Draft, Va. In fact, Pre. Eli M. Yoder and family were first.

June 28. School and church service by John Kennel. Very impressive. He knew of my granddads in Midland, Va. around 1900, as he was baptized there.

June 29. Worked at Shomos putting check-dams in the gullies for the third time. They're healing up fast. Twelve boys picked eighty-four quarts of blackberries after supper.

July 1st. Surprised my home folks when I walked in with a sixteen-day furlough. We are allowed thirty days of furlough per year. So we cut wheat, made hay and thrashed barley during the next two weeks.

July 17. Worked at Spring Creek for Simmons, building cribbing along large river banks, with logs to keep river from overflowing into the fields during flooding.

July 18. Four crews worked up along Skyline Drive in the Park area to lay telephone cable. Over one-hundred men in a row about one rod apart, carrying the heavy cable on their shoulders around the bends, up and down the hills.

On Saturday P.M., twenty-one boys volunteered to help farmer Yancey, and we thrashed at two barns (two crews) and I built my first straw rick and the thrasher man says, "Looks o.k.," but it was so awfully warm since the straw drew the heat. T'was 107 in the shade. Came in around ten o'clock, **tired**.

July 19. Sunday school and church by Mosemann, and in the eve we had a lawn service as Mosemann spoke of his adventures on the mission-field in Africa. Campee R. Strubar of Oregon who was informed of his mother's death, was unable to attend on his own, and was going to mourn the time here in camp. He found himself sent by his fellows by airplane, who together donated the needed $180.00. In trying to express his deep appreciation, the boy could utter but few words.

July 22. First vehicle accident here in camp as Mr. Lawrence and a CCC truck driver ran into each other on a curve on the Brown's Gap road. Our fellows finished work up on the CCC Camp on Skyline Drive, packed things up and

brought the rest down here to camp, such as shoes, belts, mirrors, sheets. MCC has bargained for the Luray CCC camp by now. Had lost-and-found sale, Lloyd Hostetler and Emerson King, the auctioneers.

July 26. Sunday school and church, and Rev. Longenecker preached well. Irvin B. Horst spoke about missionary work in Kentucky and 'twas very interesting about their methods, funerals and expressions. One minister, for example, explained that scripture should say "spilled" instead of "shed his blood for us," because we can get under it like a barn- or shed roof. Mountaineers tried to scare them off by shooting and acting horrible.

July 29. Our dietitian, Miss Lena Wenger, is leaving. A new one, Miss Mary Emma Showalter, from this valley area, is arriving. Boys leave for Beltsville, Md., Detached Service.

August 3. Fencing at Revercombs and Menno Hostetter and Orville Stucky put in eighteen braces today, "a new record."

August 7. Out to ___ ___ to build fence, the shiftiest job yet. Old folks are feeble, so we fetch and feed the blind and hardly alive skeleton horses, harness them the best way we can, using wire and twine at the wagon that barely hangs together, to haul the oak posts we're making. The wire we're to use is out of an old honeysuckle fence row, so rusty it won't splice. The only new or good product to use is staples and brace-wire, but we build fence with what we have. What else can we do?

August 18. First campers arrive at Luray Camp today. Rumors get started that our camp may be closed, as our government men get transferred or laid off on account of insufficient funds. George Reeves of the National Service Board spoke to us in chapel about Detached Services. Our government superintendent Frank Eastham says: "Boys, be calm."

August 19. Boys leave for Staunton to the Western State Hospital, including seven from our crew. Mr. Kary of SCS (Soil Conservation Service) spoke here today and funds seemingly will arrive for our work survey.

September 2. I took furlough to Stuarts Draft on the train from Grottoes to help unload the trucks that moved my Aunt Sarah and Peaty Kinsinger from Norfolk, Va.

September 10. Boys get their appointments to go to Montana. A long hoped-for experience.

September 15. Mr. Ziegler of head of SCS pays us a visit on our job at Staurts Draft, where we had twenty-six men today. He had a long talk, telling us that farmers spread manure on corn grounds instead of sod ground, so that the nitrogen will feed the corn; clover

Kitchen staff, outside kitchen and dining hall, peeling potatoes for supper.

and alfalfa collect their own nitrogen from the air and put it in the ground. Potash encourages growth on top of the ground, and gives the ground a tonic. Phosphate will produce seeds and grain. Locust and walnut trees draw nitrogen from the air and put it into the ground, therefore cattle choose to lie under these trees in warm weather, for the dampness and coolness in the good sod shade. Therefore one should plant such trees on hills and not in valleys, so the manure will not wash away, but beware of lightning striking them.

September 19. There were thirty-one on my crew today to pasture brushing at C. E. Wine near Waynesboro. Major Olso of Selective Service, Mr. Taylor of the U.S. Dept. of Employment office and Mr. Miller of the National Service Board for Religious Objectors were here on business and called a meeting in chapel where they explained the emergency shortage of labor in this Shenandoah Valley, saying they need help among the farmers, that they intend to have us help them, calling our camp a "Farm Emergency Labor Camp." Farmers needing help will apply for help on a certain date and how many men are to go to a a certain station along the highway where the farmer will fetch and return fellows on camp-truck schedule, paying the government forty cents per hour for labor given. One question among others had the major silenced, when he could not tell what the government was using this earned money for, in view of the fact that we are COs opposing the war efforts. So after he returned to his superiors and counselled, they wired back the reply: "All money earned through Farm Emergency Labor shall be put into a frozen fund until after the war and then be used for rehabilitation." (For further reference on just how this worked out, see the book, *Service for Peace*, by Melvin Gingerich.) Mr. Taylor is a talented spokesman keeping us laughing, for he says "It takes forty-nine muscles to frown and only thirteen to smile. So why work overtime?" . . .

September 21. Thirteen fellows leave for Montana today.

September 22. Camp starts on Farm Labor project, picking apples at several orchards, and many boys at different farmers cutting corn by hand — making shocks. They carry fifteen rows on each side of the shock (equals thirty rows), and every five rows a shock. Some farmers' fields are weedless and easy cutting and carrying, while some fields are horribly weedy and tangled so badly it's a real problem to contend with, and sometimes no water to drink — which can get serious on hot days.

September 25. Thrashing at the County Home and they took us in for dinner. A real treat. We watched the blind and crippled gather for dinner.

September 26. I took a ten-day furlough home to help farm, fill silo, thrash buckwheat and attended my friend Menno Yoder's wedding on October 4, and did some other visiting among friends.

October 6. I was on my way back to camp by crowded bus and got very tired standing for hours in the aisle. At Hagerstown I got off to go by train. While resting at the station my midnight train had stopped and started off without me. No way I could catch it, so I consulted the bus station with no luck. Then I accidently met a policeman on the corner of the street and he asked, "'Sumatter, Buddy?" And I related my luck, whereupon he advised going to the USO (United Soldiers Organization) for the rest of the night, and then catch the next train for Grottoes, but I thanked him and waited and waited till the next A.M. train for Grottoes, whereupon the director informed me that I'm AWOL (Absent With-

out Official Leave), which meant serving one month extra according to SSS regulations.

October 7. Our assistant director Delvin Kerchofer left for Switzerland.

October 8-12. Fair weather and warm. Cutting corn on shocks.

October 13-15. Rain, Rain, Rain. Fast and steady till creeks and rivers are flooded far and wide. Water washed a two-foot-deep and four-foot-wide ditch through the camp. The railroad washed out near Shenandoah Junction. No mail. No trains. No lights for three days. A worse flood this is than in 1936, when water rose twenty feet higher in the river than normal. We're shut in for awhile, going to bed at dark and getting up at dawn.

October 16, Friday. Only cloudy, and crews begin to make roads to get out. Port Republic is victim of both North Branch and South Branch rivers overflowing. Mud is one to two feet deep in homes there, so we begin to help carry out mud-slime and household items. It's a mess beyond words. Everything everywhere is slippery, stinking, soaked, and nowhere hardly to go with it.

October 18. Sunday school and church by Mosemann, and in the evening there was an old fashioned singing service, with these Port Republic folks attending in appreciation of our late deeds.

October 19. Shucking corn from fence rows. A much dreaded task. This sort of work puts some fellows to test, and they sign up for some detached service which is opening up fast, since the money earned through this Detached Service goes to MCC, which had been a sort of hold-up.

October 24. Another superintendent arrived here for the government, namely, Mr. Crenshaw, somewhat elderly, and he replaces Mr. Frank Eastham who gave his farewell speech on October 31. We regret parting. Roughly there's $3,000.00 earned already through Farm Emergency Labor.

November 5. Mr. Crenshaw and five truck drivers fetch four trucks, a tractor and several hundred tools from the Sandy Level, Va., CCC camp. An Army inspector here on visit. As for the War at present, thousands of U.S. troops have landed in foreign countries, and in Germany there is heavy fighting.

November 9. Allies have a second front in North Africa and are gaining ground. French and Italians are acting as traitors, since they're helping the Allies.

November 10. Gerald Miller's crew has picked over 60,000 bushels of apples for the Bell View Orchards since Farm Emergency Labor started.

November 11, Armistice Day. Shucking corn at Armstrongs, near Verona. Good corn as ever we had. Many Army planes flying. Six landed and others did every kind of stunt flying imaginable.

November 12. We Amish had visitors, namely, Bishop Eli Bontrager of Ind. and Ira Nissley, as they are appointed to visit each Amish boy in CPS. (See the history record of Eli Bontrager and his travels, somewhere in print.)

November 15. Mosemann preaches his farewell sermon, and Delvin Kirchofer is here again, since the present war conditions didn't allow him to go to Switzerland after all.

November 23-24. Two rainy days. No work. Boys in Dorm III and IV sneaked in their radios (a forbidden act) and the director took them away and as a result all leaves and furloughs are cancelled till later. Boys act unruly — too many idle days. Phil Frey, a CO in camp in World War I spoke in chapel and it counteracted some of this unrest. He is now director of the Galax CPS camp.

November 26, Thanksgiving Day. Everybody worked on project, building flooded fences. In eve, showered, shaved and dressed to enjoy a turkey supper and program — as tables were rearranged and decorated. Lloyd Hostetler was toastmaster. The program lasted two-and-a-quarter hours, then also had a Thanksgiving chapel service till ten o'clock. Every minute of this day was well spent for a change.

November 27-28. Got telegram that all government people shall not travel on December 24-25 and only ten percent may be off on furlough. Gas is rationed and traveling too. The war is pressing as hard as ever. Allies are advancing, they lose two planes to the enemy's fifty-two. The fleet in France is said to have committed suicide among themselves. Our crews are shucking corn and building and repairing flood fences and it's so cold and windy some few nearly froze, but we've got a good warm stove and bed to retire into. Different churches have asked to help supply us with wearing apparel.

November 29. Sunday school and church by Ward Shenk of Broadway. We had many visitors and among them were two outside business men who looked about this place and how it's operated and works. They noticed how our clothes are so different — home

Grottoes Cooking School. CPS boys served as cooks, along with dieticians (such as Mary Emma Showalter and Edna Ramseyer [middle row, left and center]). Photo taken in front of the camp dining hall. The cooking school taught the CPS boys how to serve as cooks, with the school participants converging from many camps throughout the United States.

made. The most amazing thing to them was that there are 4500 COs now in the United States (Later on it was far beyond 12,000).

December 2. First snow. High winds, eighteen above zero, and crews try to keep warm at shucking corn. Some farmers are in favor of postponing this work till better weather, but Penland (government assistant man) got upset about it and we must go out. This causes more sign-ups for Detached Services. Crews start out at 8:30 A.M. and return at 5:00 P.M. One-half hour off for noon.

December 3. Thirteen degrees above zero with strong winds. Repairing flooded fences. Our dorm had a bull session after supper till an all-black-out caused it to stop. One boy wants a warm place to smoke in, another argued that listening to ball games on Sundays on the radio is not harmful. Another tried to tell them the ideal way to keep the Sabbath holy, then about eternal security, different degrees of rewards in heaven and hell. We find ourselves so different, yet we're all here for one purpose. We **must** get along with each other . . . Probably what brought along this session was, last evening Bro. M. C. Lehman of Harrisonburg spoke in our chapel, "The attitude most boys form in camp."

December 7. One year since Pearl Harbor! We are truly here for the duration and not just "your year of service" as it sounded in the beginning. Only God knows what's ahead for us. It doesn't look clear in our eyes.

December 8-12. Cold mornings and thawed slippery by P.M., but we shuck corn. Each boy averages fourteen or sixteen shocks per day. The shocks consist of about 120 or 180 hills each (when corn is checked-rowed it will be equal to one hill, like the tombstones in Arlington Cemetery, Va.). I put linseed oil on my corn shucking pants to prolong the wearing.

December 13. Sunday school and church by Menno Brubaker. Very good. In the evening twenty young folks of the Pleasant Valley Brethren Church were in chapel and four of the young ladies each gave a long reading by memory, mostly about alcoholic drinks and their ill effects. They did very well.

December 15. All are husking corn in cold weather. The War Manpower Commission now has the right from Selective Service to regulate its power

Grottoes kitchen pantry.

forces.

December 19. Allies are within thirty-five miles of Burma. Rommel is being chased and trailed daily.

December 20. Sunday school and church by Paul Bender, our director, and he talked about the Christmas chapters, so the Christmas hymns were sung. Two below zero next morn and four inches of snow. We enter the Christmas spirit. I get a big package from my home church, "Not to open before Christmas." Also one from the Stuarts Draft young folks. I must keep them under my bed day and night till Christmas. However, crews are working on fire trails in the Shenandoah National Park daily.

December 25, Friday, Christmas Day. Last eve we had a turkey supper and a two-and-a-half hour program by M. T. Brackbill, and then some boys went caroling after 9:30 P.M. in the neighborhood. I got up at midnight and began to open my packages from my home church and Stuarts Draft, my bed was about filled and everything was very much appreciated, for it "made my day!" There was a Christmas service in chapel at ten o'clock by Chester Lehman. We ate a real Christmas dinner of sweet potatoes, fried steak, peas, gravy, cake and ice cream. Then the director held a caverns meeting, and gave about fifty boys a free trip through the Grand Caverns in Grottoes. Had another good supper upon our return, then I read the longest letter I ever got and visited in the other dorms till late, and decided I'd spent one of my happiest Christmas's today in camp.

1943

January 1, Friday. Worked hard as ever (no sign of holiday), shucking corn on shocks, muddy and mild weather. Last night some boys at midnight raced through the dorm shouting "Happy New Year" while pounding on tin buckets and dragging a long string of tin cans, hitting everywhere on our beds. It was very disturbing keeping us from our needed restful sleep. The results were a sincere confidential talk with an individual while on project work, who faithfully promised he wouldn't disturb the peace again, and accordingly would work harder while on the project so he too can enjoy rest. He was sorry and asked forgiveness, and he did indeed work more satisfactory.

January 2, Saturday. First time we work all day on Saturday, upon orders from headquarters. SSS boys do a lot of griping about it, to no avail, except some more fellows sign up for Detached Service.

January 4, Monday. An order by MCC or NSBRO goes forth: All farm furloughs and general hospital fellows are to return to camp, because the money earned by them is going into the United States Treasury, and is not approved by the MCC. An earlier agreement — made in a meeting at Grottoes camp by an official of SSS, another official of the Labor Department in D.C., and the NSBRO on September 19, 1942 — was being abused or misused.

January 8-10. Snowed three inches. No project work. John Lapp of Penna. here for a ten-day stay to teach in the Book of Philippians, also Rev. Arthur Ruth, Rev. Jacob Clemmens held services daily, studying the Bible. Nevin Bender preached on Monday evening,

Grottoes dining hall. At right, the hall announcer. At left, the door into the kitchen. On the far left, the dishwasher.

Jan. 11th.

Allies are gaining a line at the rate of one mile per hour for thirteen hours. On project we see buffalo horns on a fence post that were there for forty years.

Some boys leave their cars at home, for gas and tires are so tightly rationed they can't drive any more.

January 15. Notice was sent for the thirty-eight-year-old fellows. They shall apply for a release.

January 16, Sunday. Church and Sunday school. Services by S. H. Rhodes of Harrisonburg, and we had a baptismal service for Roman Beiler in our chapel. He is from Fentress, Va.

January 18. Ten boys leave for Montana today.

January 19. Farm furlough fellows get a classification 2-E. They get their wages, but need to stay at their location for the duration.

January 21-22. Allies are fast advancing. Axis Army must be losing heavily daily. It's said Henry Ford says, "War will be over in ten days" . . .

January 23. Changed trucks today for good, from International model 1936, license # F383 to G.M.C. model 1936. I had traveled over 12,000 miles on F383 and just recently, boys of Weyers Cave, Va., had thrown stones at us and hit the door with a bang, as they hollered "Yellow-Bellies."

January 25, Monday. Twenty-six men on Devil's Shoestring pasture brushing, at Mark Harshberger's, on a work order of only ten men, but it turned out o.k. Very warm for January.

January 26-31. Cloudy, then rain, sleet, ice and snow. No project work for six days! The joys of camp life — Life was never like this! As energy builds up, the boys chin the rafter-joists, jump beds, snowball the dietitian (lightly) but when it hit the blue-room (smokers' shack) it resulted in a real contest, until the snow was all used up, and the siren blew for a regular fire drill. Camp camera club has made a directory of all Grottoes campers, their address and job in camp. Price: $1.00. Had a lost and found sale. There happen to be two small dogs in camp and by now they have "dog fights" for entertainment on a side-line. Spanish and first aid and music classes meet.

Meals are getting more and more rationed in line of milk, meat and eggs, but we have sufficient after emptying each dish daily. Also our government Soil Conservation Service office states that all trucks are now rationed to ninety miles per month. A special announcement went over the radio that Roosevelt, Churchill and other high statesmen met in Northwest Africa to agree on war affairs. Roosevelt has been absent from the White House for ten days without many knowing of it, as he's an invalid and cannot walk. Russia has a 1,200-mile battle-front, making a five-pronged drive for Rostor. It is the only strong point left of Germany in Russia. Stalingrad has only a hand-full to capture any more.

February 1st. Weather is fair, and crews return to work after one week of foul weather. A very rare event. Gerald Miller's crew starts a job of Blister Rust Control on White Pine, surveying between camp and the Skyline Drive, mountain areas. A new project for here.

February 4-22. Varying spring weather, mostly wet and cloudy, which causes our work in general to be pasture brushing and timber stand improvement. The largest job is on Shoestring Hill in Staunton, Va. It has 500 man days written up, on 35 acres. Some fellows feel it's just "putting in time," if these Shoestring bushes don't get cut yearly hereafter. This causes more fellows to sign up for Detached Services; J. N. Beiler was here to have boys sign up for hospital services and twenty-four fellows signed up. Some crews are shucking corn in the field in February. Then we have four Lancaster ministers preach very good to us on one eve, and our spirits are lightened up again. Also two SCS men from Blacksburg and Spartanburg, Va., were here on business.

One day on project in Staunton, a C & O Railroad engine started a grass-fire, three-fourths of a mile from our site, and I (being foreman) noticed it starting to burn. So I ran to the switch-man on the track and showed it to him. They quickly uncoupled the engine and backed back to the fire and outened it. When they came again they waved and tooted the whistle three different times to thank us! (The C and O Railroad, during war-time was very busy and heavily used.)

February 25. My crew of fifteen men worked for Mrs. Sheets of Mt. Solon, Va., building fence. But a mistake in road numbers caused us to drive five miles out of our way, until some friendly folks directed us, after taking me in their house and questioning me about our work and who we are.

March 1st. Weather changes to spring and camp is more regular on SCS work of all types. Crews are divided again among the foremen, so all may have equal chance and different experiences. Voting also changes the many different committees, like safety, fire marshall and assistant, religious, maintanance, camp council, dorm leader and assistant, table head, hall announcer. But crew leaders (foremen) seldom change once chosen. There are thirty men on my roll call for project work and about three

or four crews in all. At one time there were over 200 men assigned to Grottoes Camp.

March 7, Sunday. Paul Mininger of Goshen, Ind. preached. He has been holding a series of talks since Friday on "The Christian Faces Life." This the first Sunday that boys fasted at Sunday breakfast, to donate it to the War Suffers Relief Fund.

March 10. Camp staff bought one beef and two porkers alive, and are butchering them here. Prices for beef are as high as $17.50 per c.w.t. Pork @ $17.—. Large eggs were fifty cents per dozen and butter, fifty cents per pound. Corn is $1.00 per bushel. Timothy hay @ $20.50 per ton. Hog prices in the forty-second month of War II are one dollar lower than same time in War I.

A few Selective Service men here who give orders that boys returning from hospital services may not be detained to stay in camp. They may sign up for Detached Services. Hospital work rates first, then Park service next.

March 14, Sunday. Dr. Leroy Daken, a bishop in Wis., a bald, grey-headed, heavy man of about sixty years of age, a very impressive speaker, visits and speaks in chapel about his task as a missionary in non-peace churches, to persuade them to help finance the few COs they have in camp. His talks throughout the congregations are quite successful, even though at first they are raging when they learn of his presence.

Absenteeism is getting to be a serious thing in the defense plants as a result of high wages and getting drunk.

March 22, Monday. C. N. Hostetter preached in chapel and stated that our aims and failures are in God's plan, leading to what is best for us in life — that Gen. Hershey failed twice before he succeeded; that Abe Lincoln failed in business with a bad partner, his sweetheart died six months before they were to be married, and he married a harsh woman who troubled him all his life and yet he had a national honor of being called "Honest Abe."

March 24. John Mosemann, our first camp director and now Detached Service man, arrives in behalf of Dairy Farm Service for campees, to work in Ohio, Wis. and Mich. Also Dairy Herd Improvement Assoc. testers, and State Experimental Farms in different states, all need volunteers.

April 1. All leaves are cancelled until further notice, by Gen. Hershey. If the fellows here ever griped and growled, it was now (See April 21). We had helped on Saturday work, in camp canteen storage, where we re-stacked mattresses on piles twelve feet high, as well asbeds, 650 blankets (Army) valued at $6.00 each, mattress covers, pillows, canteens (new) made in 1910, pans, cups, forks and knives. All this brand-new equipment had been made to be used in World War I.

April 1st - 15th. Springtime weather with several Number-five fire danger days, and we fought several fires. Luray camp fought large fires at Front Royal and another big one at Shenandoah. Luray camp #45 is located on the Skyline Drive just southwest of the tunnel.

We've planted thousands of tree seedlings on eroded areas and woods and now are at fence construction, the longest straight stretch of fence we built so far is 216 rods, in one straight level row.

April 2l, Wednesday. At our midweek prayer meeting in the eve, we had some reverends here in our sacred meeting, when director Bender at closing remarked, "Our furloughs come back tonight!" Seemingly the fellows entirely forgot the sacredness of the meeting and shouted and hollered, it must of about raised the roof . . . (see April l). At least the weather cooled and we had some snow.

April 23. I take furlough home at Oakland, Md., on the Greyhound bus which is crowded to the limits among the many soldier boys. They called me the bearded professor that needs a haircut, and asked if there is a barber on board, he's much needed. Finally one of them says, "He must be a conscientious objector, they say them fellows won't fight." "I don't want to fight either, but we must fight!" I simply held my peace and didn't speak a word, but returned a friendly smile, and no further complications developed.

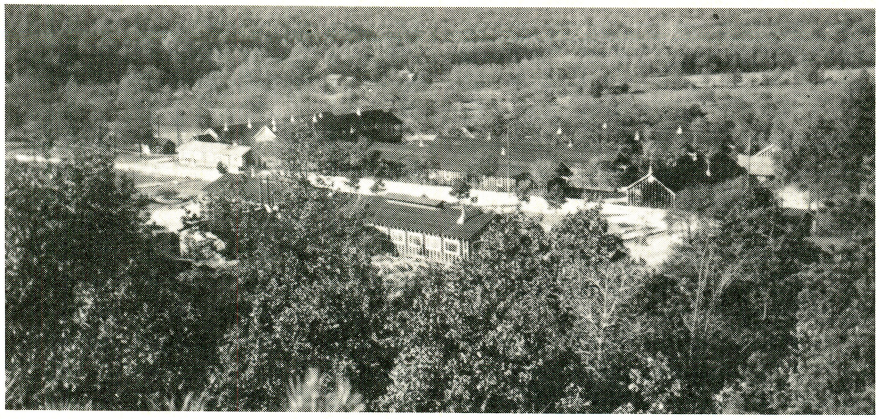
I find out that camp # 89 of the Friends' Service Committee has opened at Swallow Falls, near Oakland, and does forestry work. Some of them went to the town's saloon on Saturday night, and when it was discovered who they were they got posted: "No COs allowed inside," which caused letters to the editor's column "On People's Rights." In about one month it ended; that camp transferred elsewhere.

April 26. A twelve-week cooking school class starts today at CPS # 4, Grottoes, Va. There are about twenty campers volunteered from about all of the MCC camps. They'll be taught by an MCC dietician, to manage cooking and dietician work in other camps.

May 1st. Our nearest neighbor lives in a very old log cabin just outside of camp, and today, near noon, the wood shingle roof ignited from a spark from the chimney, as they were preparing dinner. We at camp ran to their aid and helped rescue what we could — only a few things, as it got hot so quickly. The building fell in twenty minutes as it was very dry and windy. Some sparks then blew up the side of the mountain, which we also had to outen.

May 4. Forty men get up at 2:45 A.M. and drive sixty-five miles to a fire near

Grottoes CPS crew at work.



Grottoes CPS Camp #4. Photo taken from a tree on the top of Austin Mountain. This photo mentioned in diary as being for sale: two photographs for five cents.

Hot Springs, Va., to relieve the Lyndhurst Camp COs. The fire had burned three- or four-hundred acres and also a house and barn, as it jumped at least one-half mile on account of the dryness and very high winds. Got back to camp at 10:30 P.M. Supper at eleven, for we were most terrible hungry, sweaty, dirty and dead tired. There are forest fires nearly every day and a few got rain showered out before they got serious.

When circumstances suit we do have the following day off for rest, after working on fires at night, or in any other "work of national importance."

May 17th, Monday. We worked at gully repairing all day and it was very warm. We were tired and sleeping well, when at midnight eight of us were awakened, equipped and sent by truck to assist a Dean family in searching for their four-year-old girl, Doris Dean, lost in the mountains last evening. She is barefooted and tender, wearing overalls over her dress, and last seen and heard by her two brothers who are five and seven years old. We helped the father search while he stayed on the trails, and we with our lanterns, ten feet apart, combed alongside him, with hopes of finding her in the thickets, under brush and trees. The night was cloudy, calm and still. The moon was partly shining, and the noises were heard of others searching with mother and father, calling and calling. It became almost scary.

Thus begins the next five days of searching with 1,200 people taking part, ending on Saturday P.M. [3]

May 25. Out on project work again, building check-dams in gullies. It rained hard, and flood waters are raging along the Mississippi River and are higher than ever since 1864. Many many farms are entirely drowned, and it's acting terrible.

Traveling on buses is getting to be undependable, for they're overcrowded, as COs are taking extra buses on duty. But we find ourselves not "so yellow" in the eyes of the local public, now that they have found out about our own intense efforts in helping to find the lost child.

July 14th, Wednesday. An unusual day for our crew, as we adventure to build our first electric fence along East Side Highway and the railroad. Never had I seen people live like I did today. Eleven children, all dirty, and the youngest ones wore only panties. The piggies, the doggies and the cats I saw in the house, with the doors and windows all open. Bread on the table, covered with flies. The old lady was big and rough, snappy and dirty too, was cutting cabbage for sauerkraut on a table in the yard under the shade tree. Many of us agreed, we certainly shouldn't gripe about our camp life!

July 16, Friday. Camp crews start on Farm Emergency Labor again. Camp is now allowed enough money earned from farm labor to pay for our meals per man-day labored on farms. Today we worked for Mary Click, who bakes pies on Friday, for sale in town on Saturday: 350 of them, and we didn't get to taste them! However, we had supper down in our neighbor's pasture for a break, his name is Johnny Roadcap, a former miner in our home area long ago. Now he's a hillbilly: a great talker which makes for good laughing.

July 18, Sunday. School and church by Rev. Brenneman. A doctor from Goshen College, Ind., Clair Amstutz, is spending the weekend in our camp. He gave talks on the subject of hygiene and sex.

July 19, Monday. Seventeen in our crew today, thrashing and baling barley straw for Mr. Fairburn near Moscow.

July 20, Tuesday. Two of us making hay for J. T. Bowman near Harrisonburg, and we experienced an awful cloudburst, wind and thunder as it struck nearby time and again. It buckled in the barn doors, flattened the corn fields and water rose fender-deep on Rt. 11.

July 23rd, Friday. Our true campee friend P. J. walked out of camp today. He found out that his deferrment was not approved by the Selective Service System, and his aged folks were in great need, so he just left here to help them. — ??

July 24th, Saturday. After our working hours, ten campers were asked to go to the Harrisonburg hospital to match blood for a transfusion to Mr. Cousins of our government staff who is ill, and all returned back as being unmatched. So the next morning (Sunday), eleven other fellows were asked to go again for that purpose, and it took all day, when they finally chose my Type A, Neg. They transferred it by needle and hose from my arm into his, as I watched what was my first experience.

August 6-7. C. Henry Smith spoke in our chapel about principles of our peace position, and also about our Mennonite heritage. Some years ago some former Germans in our land sang "Das Lob Song" out of the *Ausbund* over the radio.

August 9. Our radio announced recently that Germany is likely to ask for peace any time now.

August 11. Our camp canned 440 quarts of corn from our nine-acre garden in a nearby canning factory. The camp truck recently took empty jars to the Stuarts Draft Amish to have them refilled.

August 13. Finished a job of 315 rods of fence, eight gates and one concrete cattle guard for Joe Craun. It is very, very, very dry. Pastures and corn are dying, and so we start building a one-half mile channel that a contractor is doing most of, by machine, @ $6.00 per hour. Then four days later Mr. Zeigler with his truck called it finished, as it rides like a highway.

August 17. Had a surprise black-out

at 9:30, and it was really dark, but it developed into a lot of fun, upsetting beds, chasing each other, squawking and barking. Thirty Goshen College fellows who were training for the China unit have started to come to our camp. Our director Paul Bender holds a general meeting, telling us to "keep up the good work, even if its digging postholes day after day."

August 21, Saturday. Digging ditch with twenty-two fellows at Hodges, and I reviewed our work two years ago at B. B. Hangers. His contour strips look fine, especially his corn with heavy low ears. The gullies are well checked and sodded over. The Shoestring hill looks fair and clean at places, while at a few places they have started to grow again.

August 22, Sunday. Church and Sunday school by Richard Culp (assistant director). Last eve, Russel Harpest, working as DHIA (Dairy Herd Improvement Association) in Somerset Co., Pa., visited our camp, for his CPS-days' experiences were related to what he is now doing.

August 23rd, Monday. After a hard day digging ditches and building board fence, I had most welcome visitors for the evening, namely Bishop Joseph Yoder and my future father- and mother-in-law, Yost Summys of Meyersdale, Pa. A much appreciated visit!

August 30th. Cutting corn alongside Merck and Merck plant, and had foul oders of the chemical plant to breathe, as it stinks unmercifully. Had a special meeting in chapel by director Bender, concerning filling out blanks for Detached Services. Bender is a very capable and impressive speaker on all business affairs.

September 1. Our crew was filling silo and cutting corn for a Mr. J. A. for two days under stressful conditions, and we sweated terribly and became very tired and worn out by eve. The drinking water they provided was warm cistern water from the abandoned house-roof, and some of us got sick, into the following day. Then September 3 we were cutting corn and filling silo for B. A. of Mossy Creek, and we had a very good day of it, clean field of corn and they provided our good dinner. What a difference, having the same last names!

September 4. Three boys leave here for relief work in Puerto Rico, namely, James Hean, Carl Lehman and Carl Epp. A great event for the MCC relief program.

September 5. Gas rationing is loosening a bit, and the pleasure ban is lifted in Pa.

September 8, Wednesday. Italy unconditionally surrendered today and that leaves the Japs and the Nazis as the two remaining fighting enemies.

September 10. The third drive for war bonds is on.

September 13. First frost this fall and some of us cut corn near Grottoes in the early full moon at night, and earn $1.00 for three hours of work for our own. We had finished a job of corn corning during the day, of seventeen acres with fifteen men.

September 15. Very heavy fighting in Italy. Germany is driving the Allies back to the sea's edge. Allies lost 1,000 men and the rest were only saved by planes from Africa coming over and bombing Germany.

September 17. Eight of us cut corn by mistake today — for Mr. Ranger instead of Mr. Granger, in a fifty-acre field. Yet Mr. Ranger had also applied for this work, and so the mistake, luckily, wasn't serious. Mr. Ranger has three sons in the Armed Services and they are tough.

September 21. Had a camp fire-drill as my first time on duty as fire marshall. Each campee has his own appointment to a fire extinguisher, ladder, hose and buckets and how to operate each one. As for a forest fire drill, the boys are instructed by the Park Personnel on how the "one-lick method" is applied in fighting forest fires, and are drilled in service, out in the mountains. Twenty-six boys in our crew cutting corn today.

September 22, Wednesday. Twenty-five of us were sent to W. W. Driver of Dayton to cut corn on shock. When noontime came, he asked us all to come into his spacious home, and then had us sit at a very large dinner table with plenty of delicious warm foods, as the day was cool and cloudy. The blessing was asked upon such a meal, and each ate to his satisfaction. The foreman then tried to thank the farmer and all the cooks for such a special gift of kindness, saying, it's the first time ever a farmer fed twenty-five hungry CPS Camp # 4 men such a bountiful meal. The men then cheered and clapped, then worked hard and finished the job early. Took a detour on the way home and viewed the Suffolk horses at a Mr. Myers. They are from imported stock like what we have at my home in Maryland.

September 24, Friday. This day we worked at Charles. Bowman of Pineville and it was the nicest, clean corn cutting we ever had yet. It was straight, stiff and not too dry and only two stalks per hill, with thirty rows times four rows to the shocks. T'was a cool day with plenty of ice-water for drinking.

September 26, Sunday. Schhool and church by Timothy Showalter. Special attempt is being made by all CPS units to give some relief for Greece, and as for our camp, they donated Sunday breakfast in value, plus the entire Sunday school offering that was exceptionally freely given.

September 28th, Tuesday. In the evening, after starting apple picking

Grottoes cooking school. This scene is probably that of cooking school participants who have completed some twelve weeks of study and experience, loading up to go down to the railroad depot in order to return to their own camps where they will now serve as cooks.

(which is a poor crop this year), we had a chapel meeting for a Brethren in Christ minister of Manheim, Pa., dressed very plain, wore a full beard and could speak German. He preached very sincerely and impressive. Such efforts are to us beneficial.

October 1st, Friday. The weather's very, very dry and farmers are sewing wheat between corn-shock rows.

October 3rd, Sunday. School and church service by Roy Otto of Springs, Pa., and Harry Shetler of Johnstown, Pa. They also preached at the Eastern Mennonite School in Harrisonburg and many of us attended. The building is very finely built and will seat nearly 500 people. There Ward Shenk of Broadway, Va. (a Mennonite minister) fetched Ralph Sprunger, Albert Rounds and me to his brother John's home in Broadway, to start a six-day furlough in his apple picking and packing business. We boarded at John's and worked in Ward's orchard and packing shed, picking, grading and picking as many as 250 bushels per day. We graded 600 bushel some days for to store in cold storage in Timberville, Va. Apple pickers earn ten cents per bushel. Price of apples is high, at $2.25 per bushel for number one apples. Shank's apples are good and plentiful, but most apple orchards were frozen by late spring frosts. On Saturday evening they fed us a chicken supper with ice cream and paid us for six days at ten hours per day, at forty cents per hour, equals $24.00, then brought us back to Harrisonburg.

I had told the Doris Dean story of the lost child for the third time this week — the end of a perfect week.

Although the diary continues, we choose to stop at this point, but add as a postscript "The Story of Doris Dean," as Henry Swartzentruber later told it.

The Story of Doris Dean

I will never forget that Monday night of May 17, 1943. It was a little after midnight when eight of us were aroused from our sleep and were told that a little girl had been lost in the mountains. Relatives had come to ask for our help in searching for her. Before we hardly knew what was going on, we were on our way and after a brisk twenty-mile drive we arrived at the farmhouse which was located at the very foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains near the Island Ford Railway Station. A group of neighbors had gathered about the lonesome home, standing in the moonlight, talking, discussing and seemingly in somewhat of a confusion.

We were told that Doris Virginia Dean, aged four, chubby, tender and barefooted, had last been seen that afternoon at about four o'clock. Two cows had strayed into the woods and little Doris had gone with her two brothers, aged five and seven, to fetch them back into the barnyard. But the two older boys, it seems, had traveled too swiftly for the little girl. So after fetching the cows and closing the farmyard gate, the two boys went back to where they had left their sister, a distance of two-hundred yards, but to their astonishment, she was not there. They heard her crying a short ways up the mountainside so they both ran and told their mother, who immediately dropped everything and went to fetch her darling girl. But, sad to say, she could find no trace of her. Searching frantically and calling with all her heart, she still got no answer. Her husband came home at sunset and they both searched diligently but the fading shadows gave them no clue as to the whereabouts of their dearly beloved daughter. This continued on into the night; in the meantime, they summoned all available help to aid them.

We were shown the spot where she was last seen and heard. With our lanterns in our hands we started to hunt. The father took the lead, following the path while we spaced ourselves ten or twelve feet apart to either side. Thus we combed the mountainside expecting to find her at any time.

It was an unusually calm, quiet, moonlight night. One could hear even the slightest noise for a great distance and as we hunted we often stopped and listened. "Doris, Doris," we called until the entire mountainside echoed, but not even the slightest answer did we get. Onward we traveled, up and down the path, slowly and cautiously, through the thick undergrowth, honeysuckle and laurel which at that time were in their fullest bloom. It would have made a nice bed for a lost child in these mountains, while the flowery fragrance and the scent of locust bloom made one think of a funeral.

Doris Dean as she lay when one of the rescue teams, after five taxing days of intense searching, finally discovered her lying among the rocks in a bed of leaves. (photo, rescue team).

But still we hunted, not knowing what moment we would stumble across her body. The moon began to lower and the dawn began to show in the east. The whipporwills occasionally broke the silence with their crazy bits of calling. We began to tire so we paused to eat our lunches we had brought with us. The father looked weary and worried. He had not eaten any supper and after these many miles of hard searching he refused to take any food, but sat down and began to weep aloud, not knowing where next to look for his darling daughter. We could hear the mother calling for her lost child from some far-off hill. It was, indeed, very touching.

The dawn broke Tuesday morning and still no clue had been found. A call was sent to camp for more help, whereupon forty additional campees were sent. This enabled us to form a greater lineup as we searched all day, combing the mountainside systematically and looking very carefully. We found nothing and returned to camp, late that evening.

On Wednesday morning forty-five of us were sent back to continue where we had left off the evening before. When we arrived we found hundreds of persons gathered from neighboring towns to aid in the search. State police and troopers with their bloodhounds were also on the scene. The hounds were given the girl's clothing she had changed from, a few hours before she became lost. They picked up the trail and followed it rather doubtfully across two small brooklets but lost it there and were unable to find any further trail. Late Wednesday afternoon a severe thunderstorm came upon us, two-and-a-half miles up in the mountains. We were literally soaked through and through, so we returned to camp.

Thursday morning came and we again went back to our task. The superintendent tried to encourage us in our work by telling us we were "doing fine." The leaves and underbrush were still dripping wet and it took only a few minutes to get wet through-and-through to start with. We increased our semicircle that day to three miles. Things began to seem mysterious, and many police and troopers were trying to find some clue as to what might have happened to the child. Radio and local newspapers reported daily of these events, and asked for volunteer searchers.

Thursday noon a hair-clasp was found in the mountains and identified by the mother as the child's. In the afternoon twenty-five Luray campers plus forty volunteers joined our lineup, making it larger than ever before. Numerous women were among the volunteers and after an hour's searching they were played out and we had to readjust our lineup. But just a little later another heavy thunderstorm found us way back in the mountains and our line went to pieces. The lightning lashed and the thunder reverberated from the mountainside severely frightening many of the volunteers who had evidently never been out in a thunderstorm before. In late evening we returned to camp, wet, tired and hungry, our clothes ragged and torn. But still we could not help but think of the little girl, out in the wilderness alone, wet, hungry, thirsty, tired and probably still wandering about.

Friday morning we returned once more to the home. Our supervisor gravely told us that officials are beginning to fear the child had either been kidnapped or had been killed by the wild beasts of the mountains. He warned us to look closely in the brush, in hollow logs and under leaves and rocks to discover any bloodstains or marks of any kind. He explained further what to do and what not to do in case we find her: this encouraged us to search diligently just as though it were our own dear sister. His sermon really created in us chills of enthusiasm, for everyone seemed to realize the desperate need of the search for the lost child.

Officials were puzzled and could not explain how a child could get away so quickly. They studied the mountains and the nature of a lost child in them, but still found no solution. Many horsemen accompanied by different kinds of dogs kept continual vigilance along the many miles of mountain trails. A military army came to help, also many National Guardsmen, the Bridgewater Boy Scouts, and scores of volunteers. These various groups formed search parties, all doing their very best to find some trace of the lost child. Even an airplane assisted in the search, flying very low, but everything seemed in vain.

Friday evening, officials seemed to be at a loss to know what should be done. After a lengthy conference, it was decided that two particular hollows must be hunted out, starting in the mountains at the Skyline Drive. The chances seemed slimmer and slimmer of ever finding a little girl up in the wilderness, that far from her home, but the authorities had decided to let nothing undone that could be done, no stone unturned that could be turned, and no ravine unsearched that could be searched.

On Saturday morning one hundred campees gathered at the entrance of the Rocky Mount fire trail on the Skyline Drive and prepared for one absolutely thorough weekend search. The group from Luray took the east side of the mountain down a hollow while all of the Grottoes men except three of us went down the right side down a gorge. The three of us were to search the fire trail that leads along the very top of the mountain. I was well acquainted with this trail as my crew had repaired it one wet day the winter before.

We walked very slow and steady. It was steep and rocky with much brush. I walked along the trail while Luther Lerch walked to my left, one hundred feet, and Paul Coffman to my right, that distance. For awhile we could hear the two crews down their respective hollows, but even that soon faded away into the distance. The three of us cautiously made our way forward, ever being on the lookout for poisonous snakes as our men had killed nearly twenty-five copperheads and rattlesnakes. Fortunately, no one was ever bitten but several times they had narrowly escaped.

One of the many rescue teams (this group from the Luray CPS Camp) organized to search for the missing girl, Doris Dean. Some twelve-hundred men and women participated in this dramatic search.

Noon found us at a high altitude and we ate our lunch by a small spring that was only about the size of a lead pencil. We filled our canteens with fresh water and talked how crazy it was to be hunting for a bare-footed little girl high in the mountains five miles from her home in a jungle so dense that even we, who were well equipped could hardly get through. Our lunch eaten, we were once more on our way, still plodding upward. In another hour we would be at the very top of the mountain. Walking slowly and seldom speaking we made our way monotonously around the last bend toward the top when we were startled to hear Paul shout excitedly,

"Here she is, boys!"

We dashed through the brush and lo, there she surely lay. She was still alive, lying in among the rocks in a bed of leaves. We stood utterly speechless, and confused, scarcely believing our own eyes. The chills chased up and down our spines and the hair on our heads kept pushing our hats up. The child tried to sit up. We helped her and she began to talk but very faintly. Her dress was somewhat torn and her face, hands, arms and feet were severely scratched. Her muscles had shrunk but yet she was alive. We gave her a sip of water and at once she seemed revived. We asked her if her name was Doris. She nodded yes.

"Do you want to go home?" we asked.

"Water, water," is all she answered.

We gave her a second sip, but could not resist her crying, begging most pitifully, "Water, water, more water."

So we gave her a third sip and then poured away what was left for we knew too much water would be fatal.

It was 2:25 when we found her. Her pulse was good, no bones broken; she was in fair condition. The overalls she had worn were ten feet away. She had evidently come there after the rain on Thursday eve, all wet and weary and had pulled off the overalls. After standing on them till too tired, she lay down among the rocks with her head uphill and one leg out across a rock. It was only her leg that Paul first recognized when he saw her fifteen feet away from him.

After examining her and finding her in such a condition, we acted swiftly. Paul stayed to guard the child while Luther and I went for the home headquarters to get aid. We disposed of all our property permissible and began to run as we never had run before. The trail ended after about three-quarters of a mile. From there on we had to cut down through the mountainside through brush and undergrowth, sliding down cliffs on our hands and knees. We reached a logging road near the foot of the mountain and from there on we ran even faster than we had ever imagined possible. We came upon one of our trucks parked along this road and as we neared it, the driver prepared to make full speed ahead. We quickly reached the home, dashing through crowds of people and a yard full of officials, but saying nothing until we had finally reached the proper authorities.

Everything stirred with excitement as we finally broke the news: "We found the child, we found the child!"

Immediately many questions were fired at us and sirens began to blow long and hard. Gunshots were fired, the awaited signal, and scores of people came, running out of the mountains. The Chief of Police immediately radioed from his car to his headquarters telling them first of all to call WSVA, "Child is found in fair condition." He also instructed them to call the hospital to have a trained nurse at hand in an hour and a half. The message was sent to all headquarters and all further search parties were cancelled. In less than an hour from the time she was found over four miles away in the mountain top it was already over the radio. Immediately a rescue party was assembled, but it was 5:00 P.M. when we again reached the top. An emergency stretcher was made and the child was lifted from her stone bed up onto the stretcher. From eight to ten men were needed to carry her safely down over the cliffs.

When we reached the logging road again it was nearly seven o'clock. The road was lined for a mile with eager eyes trying to get a glimpse of the lost child, who was found after being lost five days and five nights. The family re-united at the ambulance and the child was sped a distance of twenty-one miles in seventeen minutes to the hospital where all possible aid was awaiting her.

She required blood transfusions to revive, remaining at the hospital eleven days and once again returned to her happy, peaceful home at the foot of the Blue Ridges of Virginia. She has now recovered nicely and is a very charming, plump, dark-eyed little girl, but remembers little of what had taken place in those moutains.

August 1955. Now, twelve years later, we had the opportunity to visit this girl. She is now sixteen years old, and living with her parents, three miles east of her home in 1943, but still at the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains. She is as nice as ever, and likes to show clippings of the newspapers of the lost girl, and the precious clothes she wore at the time she was lost. She also likes to relate all she can remember.

1960. Doris Dean now is Mrs. Edwin Harris, and is living in a city at some distance from the Blue Ridge Mountains. She returned this past summer for a reunion with her family. Then she related how she used to drink water off of leaves after it rained and how her little black dog came and stayed with her at night and returned home through the day, but she was too small to follow him.

1980. We again visited the Dean family, both parents by now aging, but they could very vividly speak of the 1943 experiences.

By now Doris is 41 years old, and has four daughters who are married and have children.

She had never been up on the mountain-top, to see where she had been found, so six of our family made a seven-hour rugged trip up there and found it like it was thirty-seven years ago, and we agreed it was truly the "will of God" that she was ever found.

1985. Our family of children and grandchildren, for the first time ever, traveled the Skyline Drive, and son David and family took the fire trail from there, by foot, to the mountain-top finding place, the way we found Doris in 1943. They were gone six hours, and had seen two bears. The rest of us, in the meantime, visited the Dean family again, the father having passed on in 1983. [4]

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[1] Published by the Mennonite Central Committee, Akron, PA, 1949.

[2] Henry Swartzentruber, in editing his diary, adds interpretive commentary in retrospect, from time to time, which usually is easily recognized. Such reflections help set the diary within the larger historical context.

[3] The diary entry for May 17-23 continues: "...finding her three-and-a-half miles from home, lying alone, still alive, in a rocky bed of leaves, just off the Rocky Mount fire trail, near its very highest point."

[4] See "Story of Doris Dean," by Henry Swartzentruber (privately published).

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Mennonite Historical Concerns: Past, and Coming

Leonard Gross

What has been written creates; what is unwritten brings chaos and separation.
— Olga Freidenberg, to Boris Pasternak [1]

I. A Time of Transition. This is a time of transition for the *Mennonite Historical Bulletin*. A new editor, Levi Miller, has been appointed, to begin in January of 1991. Miller also has been appointed to serve as the new director for Historical Committee program. His keen interests in history, and his wide experience in Mennonite Church life, should serve him well in this new phase and era of the Historical Committee's own, continuing history. We sincerely and warmly wish him well in this new post.

In this issue, therefore, I would like to reminisce a bit with our readers on where we have come from, and where we were attempting to go, during the score of years I have served as *MHB* editor, and also, as executive secretary of the Historical Committee. (I return from my sabbatical on February 1, 1991, to serve the Historical Committee half-time in its ongoing interests in Anabaptist and Mennonite archival matters; I also hope, in the coming months and years, to work more intensely in the area of my own personal research and writing.)

Looking Back. Since the year 1969, when I accepted the offer to direct Historical Committee program, and since July 1, 1970, when I began, formally, to serve in this position, it soon occurred to me that ours was the business of *chronicling*, and *interpreting*, our own Anabaptist-Mennonite history and faith. Then, in 1973, or thereabouts, at the suggestion of Sharon Klingelsmith, our creative associate archivist throughout much of that decade, we added a third prong to our program, namely, the *promoting* of our Anabaptist-Mennonite history and faith.

I still feel that for an overall balance of program, the maintaining of each of these three branches of operations continues to be essential for our spiritual welfare as a Mennonite people. With this in mind, I take this opportunity to review this triad, and to suggest coming facets of potential program. I do this for the sake of ongoing discussion and dialogue, as we, who are concerned about our history, together attempt to carry the historical mandate of the Mennonite branch of Christianity.

Chronicling History. In building upon the work of the Historical Committee over a seventy-five-year period, I am suggesting the following as grist for the Mennonite historical mill, in the coming half-dozen years or so, as guidelines in our search for new archival and library materials:

1) Current and coming needs in the sphere of chronicling our recent past — I have, here, the various Mennonite archives in mind, as well as the several Mennonite historical libraries — include providing leadership in finding, organizing, and making available essential documentation (in the traditional sense of the written word, but also via the process of oral history, and the whole spectrum of the visuals). Specifically, this should help us piece together the twentieth-century story of the Mennonites, as we inter-

Dennis Stoesz, Leonard Gross and Levi Miller, current staff members of the Historical Committee of the Mennonite Church. Stoesz began as archivist in May of 1989, and Miller, as new director of Historical Committee program, in June of 1990. Gross, currently on sabbatical, returns February 1, 1991, filling a consulting role. Marilyn Voran, not present at the time the picture was taken, continues as administrative assistant. (Jan Gleysteen photography)

sected: a) with the reality of the Second World War and its aftermath, b) with the Korean War, and c) with the Vietnam War.

Wars, as a time of testing, have generally served as stepping stones in our history, the rationale for lifting up these events in this manner. And, although we have considerable materials already gathered for earlier times of regional and global conflict, and to a considerable degree have even interpreted the wars, up to and including the First World War, the Mennonite experience since then still remains in need of being chronicled and interpreted.

2) We need to continue trying to fill in the gaps in our earlier history as well — such as the era of classical Pietism, ca. 1670-1750 (and the still-not-translated Mennonite literature of that era, such as *Golden Apples* in *Silver Bowls* of 1702),[2] or Mennonite attempts at reconciliation (such as the *Concept of Cologne* of 1591),[3] etc. Yet personal papers may well still be "somewhere out there" to be discovered, from past decades and centuries — units of documentation that can help us balance our five-centuries-old story.

Interpreting History. Coming needs in Mennonite interpretation include:

1) A full analysis and interpretive attempts toward an understanding of what may be called the "Harold S. Bender-Orie O. Miller Era." This comes into its own most obviously in the nineteen forties, symbolized by two major realities: Civilian Public Service (CPS), 1940-1945 and beyond, and the Mennonite Central Committee program in Europe, 1945-1955, and before and beyond.

Events in the nineteen forties, when taken together, spell out what is a veritable watershed-decade, the significance of which can hardly be overestimated for Mennonite transformation from rural to urban, uneducated to educated, etc.

This agenda is large enough to keep us hopping for the next five and more years — the time frame which is called for, in way of commemoration of specific events.

2) The Post-Bender-Miller Era, although still too recent for definitive historical analysis and interpretation, needs initial work, especially in the realm of oral interviews, and the collecting of documentation, published and unpublished (such as personal papers).

3) Other areas that suggest themselves are those which mesh with historical celebration in the nineteen nineties. We need to choose carefully, from a host of past experiences, those few events that will permit us to view our current experiences as Mennonites in the mirror of the past. This remains as one of the best methods of staying "on track." Herein lies the deep significance, currently, of the volume, *Golden Apples in Silver Bowls*, and of the *Concept of Cologne* — especially through the coming half-dozen years, as many of us wrestle with the question of whether or not to effect a merger between the General Conference Mennonite Church, and the Mennonite Church (with other groups also in on discussions),[4] and as we attempt to arrive at new understandings of the division among the Swiss Mennonites,

Editorial

This issue reaches back to ages gone by, to historical realities and their ideas and expressions of faith as they were wrestled with and lived out in the sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries: the heart-felt convictions of a martyr, Anna of Rotterdam, and New World experiences of Dutch Mennonites — before 1683!

James W. Lowry, from Hagerstown, Maryland, combines careful scholarship with faith-issues. In a creative manner he allows Anna to reappear before our eyes, as a maturing, flesh-and-blood person whom we can relate to, as well as learn from — a person, intent on remaining a genuine disciple of Christ, even unto death.

Frederick J. Zwierlein, eighty years ago, combed the archives and the rare-book collections in New York State, and elsewhere, bringing together a fascinating account of the Dutch presence in the New World. His findings include scattered mention of the Mennonites, ten of which references have been reproduced below.

And lastly, I have written down a few reflections on my twenty years as executive secretary of the Historical Committee of the Mennonite Church, and as editor of the Mennonite Historical Bulletin — both in retrospect, and in prospect. The latter, to be sure, are to be viewed as personal opinion, subject to change. It seems to me that from time to time many of us need to share in this manner our vision of how to "do history," assuming there will be responses, both in way of agreement and disagreement. And here, I hope such dialogue will continue, strong, and lead to published ideas and interpretations — in books, and in many a Mennonite periodical, and beyond — that will help us as a Christian group to remain true to our roots and inner convictions, as disciples, gathered in the name of the One who gave us the Gospel of Peace (Ephesians 6:15).

— Leonard Gross

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leading to the Amish-Mennonite division of 1693-97. (The volume, *Golden Apples . . .*, published five years after the split was finalized, probably played a vital role, here, in having helped the two sides in the controversy remain tied more closely to their Anabaptist roots.)

These examples are only two, of many, that could be given. Furthermore, we hope many additional historical gems that speak to these and other important Mennonite themes will be discovered by a hundred scholars and researchers, of all types and ages.

Promoting History. Along with the vital program of telling our story to the people in the pew, which must continue, strong, we shall as well need to continue to write articles on history in our various Mennonite and other publications, as the occasion calls for it. Over the years, we have made significant contributions in this regard — the *Mennonite Yearbook*, for example, is an important perennial vehicle for our message.

So-called "trendy" themes and approaches to promoting our history and faith, including popularizations, are also essential for our ongoing work of historical interpretation, and fill a significant place in our ongoing agenda; at the same time, we need to realize the limitations of these approaches, and keep in mind that sooner or later we would fizzle out, were it not for a strong, ongoing program of scholarly research that serves as the vital basis for such popularizations.

Publishing scholarly pieces therefore remains as an essential part of our promoting history. Various story tellers continue to count on our various research centers for new stories. Our archives and historical libraries receive many such requests within the course of a year, requests for specific materials which are intended to illustrate specific themes — in recent years, for example, requests about how Mennonites dealt with labor unions in the past, or for Anabaptist views on how businesses are to be run, etc.

Historical Accountability

History is finally a matter of accountability: a good historian can bring all of us up on trial. We are all accountable to what we have seen and done, to what shaped us, to what made our place and time. In a good history, we are not permitted to get it wrong, so far as it can be known what is right. A good historian will challenge us when we forget, when we elide, when we invent: the historian will have the documents, and we will have to face them. I was wrong, we will say, shamed by the evidence, and explain why; no matter what, we will say, I was right, and explain that, too, if we can.

—Greil Marcus ("History outside of History," *Harpers*, December 1988, 24)

II. Coming "Pegs" upon which to Hang our Story, 1991-1995. In the past we have generally had, each year, a primary and central "peg," on which a program of chronicling, interpreting and promoting our story has been hung. (In 1983, for example, the peg was the Tricentennial of North American Mennonitism.) Over the next five years, the following pegs seem to be logical points of reference, worthy and capable, upon which may be hung much of the rest of the traditional Anabaptist-Mennonite substance and spirit that many of us would like to see continued, as part of what we are all about:

— 1990-91: Civilian Public Service

— 1991: *The Concept of Cologne* (and the quest for Mennonite unity and reconciliation)

— 1992: The *Idea* of North America (1492-1992), and where we as Mennonites fit in (Hispanic scholarship to be a crucial part of this)

— 1993: The Great Schism of the Swiss Mennonites, 1693-97: What we can learn three centuries after the fact. A time for reinterpretation: a careful, Amish history has never yet been written!

—1994: The converging of a new (actually what many scholars see as the old) Anabaptist-Mennonite synthesis: The publication of Bender's "Anabaptist Vision"; of Hershberger's *War, Peace and Nonresistance;* the calling of Mennonite Mutual Aid into existence; the end of the Daniel Kauffman era, etc. (see essays by Leonard Gross, and Guy F. Hershberger, on this watershed year).

— 1995: Mennonite Central Committee, 1920-1995, and Mennonite Central Committee, Europe, 1945-1995: the history of an institution that, in and of itself, helped transform the Mennonites from a rural to an urban people, and from a relatively uneducated, to an educated group.

III. In Conclusion. The Historical Committee has never attempted, heretofore, to carry the whole of the historical work of the Mennonites on its own shoulders.

Where good things were already in place and being carried out by others, this was acknowledged, and indeed encouraged;

Where new things needed to be done, others again were encouraged to create and carry out such vital aspects of our historical interpretation and the promotion thereof, with our blessing, and indeed, at our request — and, sometimes, as our idea in the first place;

Whatever was over and beyond this, in our dreaming up projects we

We need to deal with our whole history in all its aspects: well enough, honestly enough, so that our past will not come back to haunt us. This means, bringing to bear upon the now, the whole of our past five centuries of corporate existence. Genuine history — which interprets all our highs, but also our lows — will so remain our trusted and able servant, serving us mightily in impelling us along the kingdom course as a people.

deemed essential for the well-being of the Mennonite church — that is, in order to maintain the *idea* behind our tradition that still needed to be worked on — this we carried ourselves, as best we could, when others could not be found to take on the task.

Perhaps this can best be described as finding the right cogs in the Mennonite wheel, needed to turn it properly. Many and sundry cogs could be conceived, all of which might be somewhat helpful, but if we can provide the essential cogs, perhaps this is all the further we can go, given the limitations of budget, and energy, and indeed, the need to use, appropriately, God's gracious gifts.

I close, suggesting that if we can determine which cogs to build, within the triad as noted above, of chronicling, interpreting, and promoting our Anabaptist-Mennonite history and faith, in order to keep the Mennonite part of kingdom work chugging along in the best possible manner, then we will have accomplished a great portion of our task — still needing, however, to relate our entire past to the "now," and the "coming."

In sum: We need to deal with our whole history in all its aspects: well enough, honestly enough, so that our past will not come back to haunt us. This means, bringing to bear upon the now, the whole of our past five centuries of corporate existence. Genuine history — which interprets all our highs, but also our lows — will so remain our trusted and able servant, serving us mightily in impelling us along the kingdom course as a people.

In this vein we do well to heed the conviction of Olga Freidenberg, as noted in the quotation which begins this overview, on the vital need to create order out of chaos and separation, through the medium of the written and spoken word. And we can do no better, in rounding out this article, than to quote yet another interpreter of the human experience, Walker Percy, who recently passed on, who in 1986 pointed out the need for an honest probing of whatever is "back there," whether it seems good or bad:

"The primary business of literature and art is cognitive, a kind of finding out and knowing and telling, both in good times and bad; a celebration of the way things are when they are right, and a diagnostic enterprise when they are wrong."[5]

— Leonard Gross (May 15, 1990)

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[1] The *Correspondence of Boris Pasternak and Olga Freidenberg, 1910-1954*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1982, 297.

[2] A Historical Committee translation-project that I am hoping to complete in 1990, during this, my sabbatical year. — L.G.

[3] See my article, "The First Mennonite Merger: The Concept of Cologne," in the *Mennonite Yearbook, 1990-1991*, pp. 8-10, including a translation of the confession of faith, by Leonard Gross and Jan Gleysteen.

[4] The confession of faith known as *The Concept of Cologne* is the only earlier document I know of that reflects, truly, the combined and conjoint efforts of the Swiss and the Dutch Mennonites. Its substance consequently needs careful analysis and interpretation, currently, in the light of the present integration and merger agenda of several Mennonite groups.

[5] "The Diagnostic Novel: On the Uses of Modern Fiction," *Harper's*, June, 1986, 41.

Anna of Rotterdam: Did She Die a Follower of David Joris?

James W. Lowry

Anna Jansz of Rotterdam has an inspiring letter in the *Martyrs' Mirror* written to her infant son Isaiah just before her execution.[1] This letter was printed and reprinted by the Anabaptists. It was so widely read and admired that another martyr at a later time copied a large part of it in her own personal admonition to her children with whom she had to part under circumstances similar to Anna's.[2] This letter of Anna's was also reworked as a song and is found in the *Ausbund* on pages 110-115.

The English *Martyrs' Mirror* has just one letter by Anna. But the German *Martyrs' Mirror* has, in addition, two other items related to Anna. These items are not present in the English *Martyrs' Mirror*, because it was translated from the 1660 Dutch edition. The German *Martyrs' Mirror* was translated from the 1685 Dutch edition which varied slightly in content from that of 1660. The one item related to Anna gives further information about her, and an account of her death; the other item is a letter to D. I., thought to be David Joris.

It has been charged by certain writers[3] that Anna, as a follower of David Joris, was not worthy to be included in the *Martyrs' Mirror* and that her inclusion raises again the question of the reliability of the *Martyrs' Mirror*, a question that was answered positively by a Dutch scholar and laid into its grave by him already in 1889.[4]

The three items in the German *Martyrs' Mirror* appear together, but in the Dutch original the letter to Isaiah appears in Volume 2, page 48, and two extra items appear separately on pages 143-145, with an explanatory note that they had been received too late to be included with the letter to Isaiah.[5] Under the pressure of printing the book, perhaps, the editor of the 1685 edition did not have the leisure to consider their suitability for inclusion, and simply added them, rather than lose more material about an outstanding martyr.

A question arises about the placing of the striking engraving of Anna by Jan Luyken at this point (pages 143-45), rather than earlier, with the letter to Isaiah (page 48). Was Jan Luyken, as he made the engravings, just barely keeping ahead of the printers as they produced the 1685 *Martyrs' Mirror*, signature by signature? Or had the engraving been forgotten, and the appearance of this extra material gave an opportunity to include the omitted engraving, thus increasing the pressure

to include material which otherwise would have been omitted?

David Joris. David Joris was a major Anabaptist leader in the Netherlands, rivaling Menno Simons as a builder of the movement in the troublous times after the fall of Münster. How did David Joris come to be connected with the Anabaptist movement?

David Joris first was attracted to the Reformation in general, and in 1528, in a procession in Delft, he publicly rebuked Catholic worship of the communion bread. As a consequence he was tortured and exiled from that city. He accepted adult baptism after Jan Matthijs became the leader of the radical movement which finally resulted in the catastrophe at Münster. Joris was baptized in 1534, several months after the baptism of Anna of Rotterdam.[6] He was commissioned to teach by Obbe Philips, the same man who ordained Dirck Philips and Menno Simons.[7]

After the fall of Münster, David Joris was a rival of Menno Simons in gathering and organizing the scattered and confused Anabaptist movement in the Netherlands. Joris stressed the importance of baptism and of peace, but differed from the other nonresistant Anabaptists in his emphasis on his own place as a leader, who fulfilled supposed biblical prophecies about "a promised David" who was to come.[8] Because of this emphasis Menno denounced Joris and said that Jesus Christ was the one and only Promised David. At this point the paths of Menno and Joris diverged.

A price was set on David Joris's head and he went more and more into hiding. He began to spiritualize his teachings, saying that outward adult baptism was not necessary, and urging his followers to conform to the state church and avoid the outward cross of persecution. Joris received increasingly large contributions from wealthy followers, which were at first used to publish his writings. Later, financed by a noble adherent, he moved his wife and eleven children from the Netherlands to Basel, Switzerland, where he pretended to be a merchant, a religious refugee from persecution in the north.[9] He took citizenship and conformed to the Reformed Church. He lived a somewhat lavish life as respected citizen of his new community, but secretly continued to write his heretical books in Dutch and maintained contact with his followers in the Netherlands. Roland Bainton has characterized him as "the heretic as hypocrite."[10]

David Joris also diverged from Menno in matters of moral purity. He wrote from Basel to a follower: "It is a matter of indifference to me if you

In 1534 a great number of frightened Anabaptists from Holland's western provinces crossed the Zuiderzee, disembarking at Bergklooster (shown here), hoping to reach the New Jerusalem (the city of Münster, in Westfalia — today, part of western Germany), a hundred-mile walk from Bergklooster. The New Jerusalem did not last long, and the fighting Anabaptists of Münster were defeated in 1535, many, to lose their lives in the chaotic aftermath. The year following, thanks to Menno Simons, Anabaptists throughout the reaches of Holland and Northern Germany began to regain their health and vigor, as a peaceful movement.

There was also another leader, David Joris, who also attempted during this very time to gather together Anabaptist remnants in a peaceful manner — albeit in a less organized, and more spiritualistic manner. It is the David Joris chapter of Anabaptist history that stands in part as the backdrop to the story of Anna Jansz (Anneken Jans) of Rotterdam. Dutch Mennonitism, after the era of Menno Simons and Dirk Philips, regained some of the spiritualistic substance that was underplayed during the era of Menno and Dirk — perhaps the influence of David Joris, but also that of Obbe Philips, who had dropped out of the Anabaptist movement in its early years. (Jan Gleysteen photography)

have one, two, or four wives, just as long as you obey God." Joris is said to have had two children by a concubine.[12]

David Joris's Anabaptist connections were not known in Basel when he died in 1556. However, his heresy did become known, and three years later, his body was dug up and burned.[13] Of course he was a heretic not only from the viewpoint of the state church in Basel, but also from Menno Simons' viewpoint as well. But in the very early years in the Netherlands this was not so clear as it was in the later part of Joris's life.

Anna and David Joris. If Anna of Rotterdam was a follower of David Joris even in his early years, is it suitable for her to be included in the *Martyrs' Mirror?*

Joris, in his early years in the Netherlands, must have been a very persuasive leader. Nikolaas van Blesdijk, later Joris's son-in-law, wrote about the impression Joris made on him when Blesdijk was only sixteen: "Among the writers from the time of the apostles until now there is none who has so touched my heart, so powerfully drawn me from the life of vanity, self-wisdom, arrogance, and impurity to the true wisdom which is the fear of God, to simplicity, chastity, and righteousness as this one writer."[14]

Surely Joris exerted a similar influence on Anna of Rotterdam, who must have been an impressionable, youthful seeker at the time of her early commitment to Christianity.

Anna's letter to D. I. in the German *Martyrs' Mirror* shows the power of David Joris's influence when she addresses him in exaggerated terms. In an adulation foreign to the other writings in the *Martyrs' Mirror*, she calls him the "brave leader of Israel," the "most pious" among the shepherds, who has received "many gifts and much favor" from God.[15] The date of the letter is in doubt, either 1536 or 1538.[16]

Anna and her husband fled to England, probably in June of 1534. Later she returned to the continent, perhaps because of the death of her husband, since in her letter to Isaiah she tells him to take wisdom to be his mother and the fear of the Lord to be

Anna Jansz (Anneken Jans), Anabaptist martyr, drowned at Rotterdam, AD 1539.

his father, implying that after her execution both of Isaiah's parents would be dead.[17] However, it is also said that she returned from England because she wanted to consult with David Joris.[18] But about what? It has been implied that she slavishly wanted his advice. But given her strength of character, it could have been quite otherwise. She could have been disillusioned with him, moving more to the position of Menno. She could have wanted to reprove Joris.

Or did this disillusionment not occur until after her arrest in Rotterdam in December of 1538?[19] Did facing death clear her thinking and bring her to a position similar to Menno's?

Anna's letter to Isaiah just before her death states her most mature thought, her last expression of faith, and ought to be given special weight in assessing her life. The letter contains strong reproof to the direction Joris was beginning to take, or at least to the direction he took in later life.

Further, she is silent about Joris as the "most pious" among the shepherds and does not recommend that her son seek him out, but rather she does say that Isaiah should search the Scripture,[20] walk the way leading to life, and join the poor, little flock, despised by the world. Although Joris deviated toward a secret discipleship in his later life, she says that Isaiah should not depart from the narrow way, either to the right or to the left.[21]

Anna says, "This is the way which is found by so few, and walked by a still far smaller number."[22] Had Anna survived to observe the end of Joris's life, she might well have thought he had found the way but refused to walk it.

Joris arrived in Basel with his large household, dressed in stylish clothing with many possessions and plenty of money to buy property.[23] Anna of Rotterdam, on the other hand, the only heir of a significant fortune, gave up that fortune to become an Anabaptist.[24] She writes in her testament that Isaiah should follow a course of voluntary poverty. This was different from the life style of Joris in Basel. She says, "Deal with an open, warm heart thy bread to the hungry, clothe the naked, and suffer not to have anything twofold; for there are always some who lack. . . . Suffer nothing to remain in your possession until the morrow, and the Lord shall . . . give you his blessing for an inheritance."

When Joris lived in Basel, he pretended to be Reformed, and functioned as a member of the Reformed Church. But Anna teaches her son

separation from the religious world when she says, "Have neither part nor fellowship with them."[25]

The most significant divergence between Anna's mature thought and that of Joris is in the matter of openly confessing one's faith. Joris, as noted before, began to conceal his true position and urged his followers to do the same. In striking contrast, Anna tells her son, "Be not ashamed to confess Him before men; do not fear men; rather give up your life, than to depart from the truth. If you lose your body, which is earthly, the Lord your God has prepared you a better one in heaven. Therefore, my child, strive for righteousness unto death."[26]

Must we conclude that Anna was a follower of David Joris and does not belong in the *Martyrs' Mirror*? If Anna were his follower at the time of her death, she certainly was not very successful in noticing the trend of Joris's teaching. As David Joris's life further developed after Anna's death, the distance between him and Anna (and some other early admirers) became greater and greater. Anna renounced wealth and her life, and clung to the cross to follow Christ. David Joris clung to his life and wealth, avoided the cross, and justified himself in a life of deceit.

The original editor of *Het Offer Des Heeren* did not blame Anna in a mechanical way for being a David Jorist, but, from the historical near-distance (23 years later, in 1562), discerned her development and included her in the martyr book appropriately. The editor chose to print her letter to Isaiah, and, if he had access to any earlier writing by Anna, he deliberately rejected it.

In the varied mosaic of the *Martyrs' Mirror*, Anna's letter is not merely a beautiful stone, but a jewel.

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[1]Thieleman Jansz van Braght, *The Bloody Theater or Martyrs Mirror of the Defenseless Christians who Baptized Only upon Confession of Faith*, trans., Joseph F. Sohm (Scottdale, Penna.: Mennonite Publishing House, 1951), 453-54.

[2]*Ibid.*, 977-79.

[3]Werner O. Packull, "Anna Jansz of Rotterdam, a Historical Investigation of an Early Anabaptist Heroine," *Archiv für Reformationsgeschichte*, LXXVIII (1987), 147, 169-70; Karel Vos, "Anneken Jans," *Rotterdamsch Jaarboekje*, II (1918), 20; A. F. Mellink, *De Wederdopers in de Noordelijke Nederlanden*, 1531-1544 (Groningen: J. B. Wolters, 1954), 225-26.

[4]Samuel Cramer, "De Geloofwaardigh van Van Braght," *Doopsgezinde Bijdragen*, XXXIX (1889), 65-164.

[5]Thielem[.] J. v. Braght, *Der blutige Schauplatz, oder Märtyrer-Spiegel der Taufs-Gesinnten oder Wehrlosen Christen* (Lewistown, Penna.: Shem Zook, 1849), II, 35-38; *Het Bloedigh Tooneel, of Martelaers Spiegel der Doops-Gesinde of Weereloose Christenen* (Amsterdam: J. van der Deyster, et al., 1685; reprint, Dieren: De Bataafsche Leeuw, 1984), II, 48, 143-45.

[6]Packull, 149; The *Mennonite Encyclopedia* (4 vols.; Scottdale, Penna.: Mennonite Publishing House, 1955-59), s. v. "David Joris."

[7]James M. Stayer, "David Joris: A Prolegomenon to Further Research," *The Mennonite Quarterly Review*, LIX (1985), 350-51; *Mennonite Encyclopedia*, s. v. "Obbe Philips."

[8]Stayer, 351-52.

[9]*Ibid.*, 353.

[10]Roland H. Bainton, *The Travail of Religious Liberty* (New York: Harper and Brothers Publishers, 1958), 141, 148.

[11]Gary K. Waite, "The Post-Münster Melchiorite Debate on Marriage: David Joris' Response to Johannes Eisenburg, 1537," *The Mennonite Quarterly Review*, LXIII (1989), 370.

[12]Stayer, 355, 357-58; Waite, 372.

[13]Stayer, 353-54.

[14]Bainton, 132.

[15]*Märtyrer-Spiegel*, II, 36.

[16]Packull, 160, 163.

[17]*Martyrs Mirror*, 454.

[18]Vos, 17.

[19]Packull, 164. Packull gives the date of the arrest as around December 20, 1538. The idea that she wanted to consult with David Joris rests on a statement which surfaced nearly 150 years after her death in the *Martelaers Spiegel* of 1685. The statement, translated from II, 143, says, "She came over again from England to transact some business at Delft, or as some suppose, to speak with David Joris, or his company."

[20]*Martyrs Mirror*, 453.

[21]*Ibid.*, 454.

[22]*Ibid.*

[23]Bainton, 142.

[24]*Mennonitishes Lexikon* (4 vols.; Frankfurt am Main and Weierhof: authors, 1913-1937; Karlsruhe: Heinrich Schneider, 1958-1967), s. v. "Anneken von Rotterdam."

[25]*Martyrs Mirror*, 454.

[26]*ibid.*

Mennonites in North America before 1683

The following quotes from a rare volume, written earlier in this century, are significant enough in way of background to current Mennonite studies that they merit republication in this excerpted form. They come from a doctoral dissertation, Religion in New Netherland, by Frederick J. Zwierlein, (Roches of the Dutch colony of New Netherland; in particular, there are chapters on the persecution of the Lutherans, the Quakers, and the Jews — and a few, scattered references to the Mennonites. The New Netherland facet of our North American Mennonite story (pre-1683) is not generally in our "historical mindset," for which reason we republish below the passages in question, ten in number, along with their original footnotes. — Leonard Gross

1) In 1662 the Mennonites received permission to settle in the territory under the jurisdiction of the City of Amsterdam, . . . (p. 5).

2) "The English do not only enjoy the right of nominating their own magistrates, but some of them also usurp the election and appointment of such magistrates, as they please, without regard to their religion. Some, especially the people of Gravesend, elect libertines and Anabaptists, which is decidedly against the laws of the Netherlands" (6-7). (*Quotation from a 1661 document.*)

3) *The Dutch Background.* The offensive campaigns of Maurice cleared the federated provinces of Spanish garrisons and resulted in the formation of the new province of Stadt en Landen by the union of the city of Groningen with the Ommelands under the Stadtholder William Lewis in 1594. Drenthe was also placed under this Stadtholder, but, unlike the newly created province, it had no individual seat in the States General. William Lewis organized the Reformed Church in both these provinces, where he hardly tolerated a vestige of Catholicism (20-21).[1]

Nothing remains of Pieter Cornelisz Plockhoy's ill-fated colony on the Horekil in the New Netherlands (now, the state of Delaware), established, and then destroyed by the British, in 1663. The Zwanendael Museum in Lewes, Delaware, built in traditional Dutch style, recalls the story. (Jan Gleysteen photography)

4) In the chapter, "The Dutch Background," the author notes in some detail the religious developments in the Dutch Republic itself, during the sixteen *twenties and thirties. In this regard,* the edicts against the Remonstrants and other Protestant dissenters, such as Mennonites and Lutherans, gradually lapsed into desuetude under the moderate policy dictated by the successor of Maurice, his brother Frederick Henry, and supported by the municipal governments, who feared the domination of the Dutch Reformed Church in the event of further repression (31).

5) *In the same chapter,* "The Dutch Background," *the author notes that after the Peace of Münster in 1648, De la Court* believed that self-interest should prevent the dominant Calvinists from the attempt to suppress people of other persuasions, who were in the majority even in Holland, as persecution might provoke their emigration, to the great loss of the country. He tells us that most of the "old inhabitants," peasants, moneyed men, and nobles in that province were still Catholics, while there were also many Protestants, but mostly Mennonites or Rijnsburgers (34).

6) *In Chapter IV,* "Religion in New Sweden before and after the Dutch Conquest," *the author notes*:

The official orthodoxy of the colony *at New Amsterdam* began to give way in 1662 to the urgent necessity of obtaining colonists to repel English encroachments from Maryland. A company of Mennonites projected a settlement within the jurisdiction of the City's colony at the Whorekill on the South River, and on January 10, 1662, adopted a very curious constitution, consisting of one hundred and sixteen articles, to regulate the affairs of the colony. They unanimously agreed to exclude from the society all clergymen "for the maintenance of peace and concord," as the appointment of one minister would not harmonize so many opposing sects, and the appointment of a minister for each sect was not only impossible, but "an inevitable ruinous pest to all peace and union." Furthermore, they had no need of a clergyman, inasmuch as "they were themselves provided with the Holy Scriptures, which all ministers agreed in pronouncing the best, and which they considered the most peaceable and most economical of preachers." The ministry brought nothing but "an almost endless chaffering and jangling," on the proper interpretation of the Scriptures, which after all were only "efforts to interprete other men's interpretations." They, therefore, believed it wiser "to arrive, by certain and sound reasoning, beyond all uncertain cavil about Scripture, at a right rule for the establishment of good morals and the direction of civil affairs," which might be attained by plenty of schools and sound laws. Nor did they feel the need of the clergy for the administration of the sacraments, as Baptism and the Lord's Supper were to them only "signs or ceremonies becoming rather weak children than men in Christ." Nevertheless, public worship was not to be neglected. On every Sunday and holiday, the inhabitants were to assemble in the morning to sing a psalm and listen to the reading of a chapter from the Bible by some one of the society, appointed in turn. This simple service was then to be concluded by another hymn, after which the court was to assemble for the transaction of public business. Although the society was to be composed of persons of different creeds, each member of the community had to declare his religious persuasion, for "all intractable people, such as those in communion with the Roman See, usurious Jews, English stiffnecked Quakers, Puritans, foolhardy believers in the millenium, and obstinate modern pretenders to revelation" were not admitted into the colony.[2] In April, twenty-five Mennonite families declared their willingness to settle in the City's colony in New Netherland, if the City would loan each family two hundred guilders in addition to the passage money, for the repayment of which the whole body was to be bound. The authorities only granted each family a loan of one hundred guilders, including their passage money.[3] A few months later, the contract[4] between the Burgomasters and Regents of the City of Amsterdam and Pieter Cornelius Plockhoy, the leader of the Mennonite settlers for the South River, was concluded for the tract of land at the

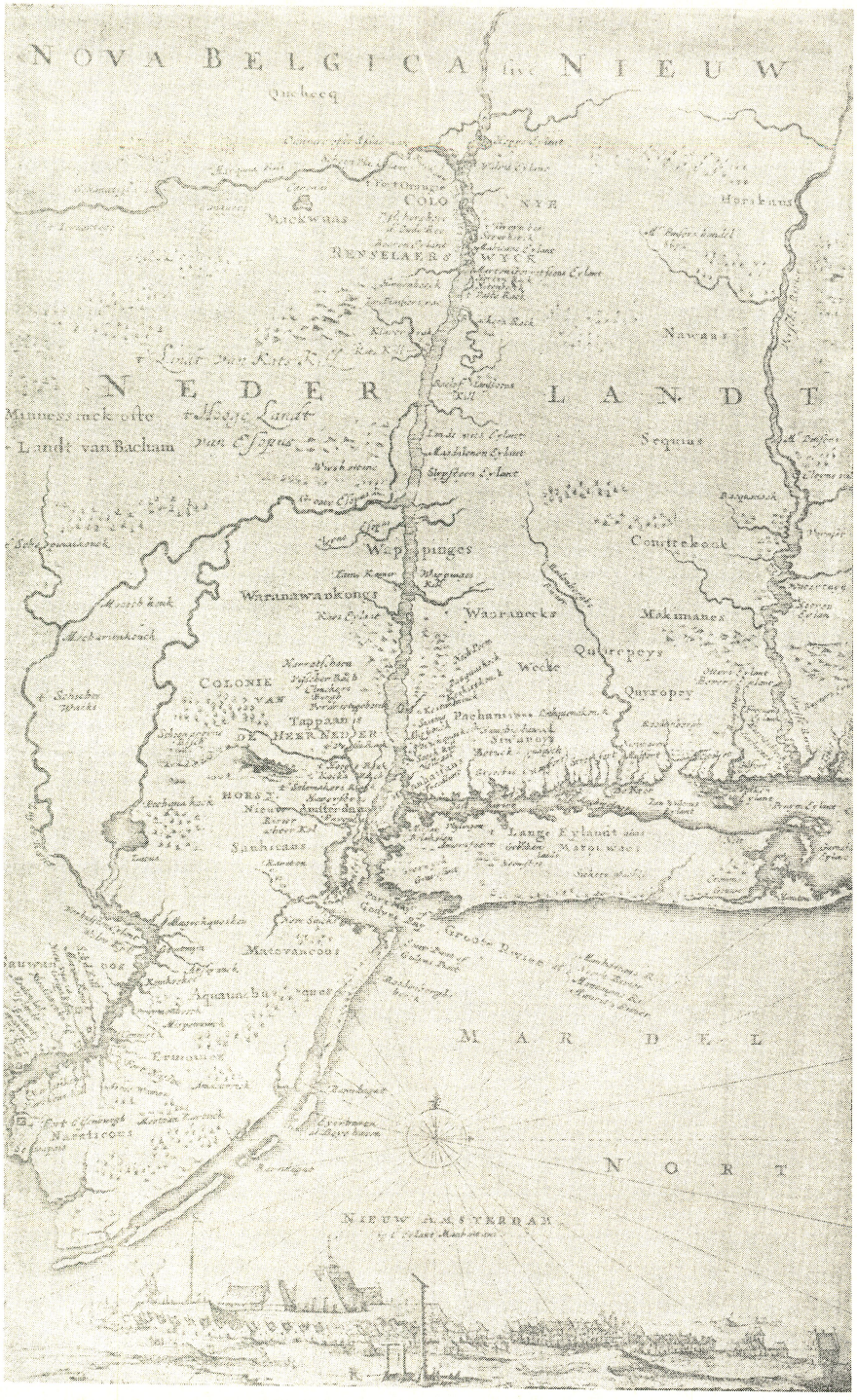
Whorekill, which was to be exempt from all taxation for a term of twenty years. Twenty-five hundred guilders were raised by the City of Amsterdam and loaned to this association, which was also bound in its entirety for the repayment of this debt (130-32).

7) *In Chapter V*, "The Religious Factors in the English Immigration," *the author states*: On July 19, 1640, the new charter of Freedoms and Exemptions was promulgated. . . . "And no other religion shall be publicly admitted in New Netherland except the Reformed, as it is at present preached and practiced by public authority in the United Netherlands; and for this purpose the Company shall provide and maintain good and suitable preachers, schoolmasters, and comforters of the sick."[5]

The effect of the concession of this new charter on the religious character of the population of the Dutch Province is well summarized in the description drawn by Father Jogues a few years later. "On this Island of Manhate and its environs there may well be four or five hundred men of different sects and nations; the Director General told me that there were persons there of eighteen different languages." Although the Dutch were very generous in their treatment of Father Jogues, and later of other Jesuit missionaries, they were evidently bent on impressing him with the idea that dissenters from the established religion were only present in the colony on the sufferance of the local authorities, as he had been informed in all likelihood by the Director General himself that the colony had "orders to admit none but Calvinists." However, the Jesuit had observed that there were "besides Calvinists in the colony Catholics, English Puritans, Lutherans, Anabaptists, here called Mñistes *[Mennonites]*, etc."[6] Ten years later, the diversity of religious opinion amongst the inhabitants of the Province is still more emphasized in the remonstrance which Domine Megapolensis sent to the Classis of Amsterdam as a protest against the admission of the Jews into the Province of New Netherland. "For as we have here Papists, Mennonites and Lutherans among the Dutch; also many Puritans or Independents, and many atheists and various servants of Baal among the English under this government, who conceal themselves under the name of Christians; it would create still greater confusion, if the obstinate and immovable Jews came to settler here."[7] It may be interesting to note that the religious situation remained practically the same even after the cessation of Dutch rule. Governor Andros reported in 1678 that there were "religions of all sorts, one Church of England, several Presbyterians and Independents, Quakers and Anabaptists, of several sects, some Jews, but Presbyterians and Independents most numerous and substantial."[8] Eight years later Governor Dongan affords a still clearer insight into the diversity of belief and the prevalence of religious indifference. "Here be not many of the Church of England; few Roman Catholics; abundance of Quakers; preachers, men and women especially; singing Quakers; ranting Quakers; Sabatarians; Antisabatarians; some Anabaptists; some Independents; some Jews; in short of all sorts of opinion there are some, and the most of none at all."[9] This religious indifference was not merely a later development under English rule, but a part of the heritage received from the Dutch (140-42).

8) Although Gravesend received its charter a few months after Flushing, it had been settled as early as 1643,[10] shortly after the outbreak of the Indian war. The same savages, who destroyed the English settlements on the mainland as far as Stamford, crossed the Sound and assaulted Lady Moody in her house, but they were repulsed repeatedly by the forty men, who had gathered there in the new colony.[11] She had also left fair possessions in New England for conscience' sake. Two years after her arrival in Lynn in 1638, she had received a grant of four hundred acres of land from the General Court.[12] In Salem, she was also the proprietor of a flat-roofed house, but one story high, which had its roof carried off by a high wind in 1646 without injury to any of the inmates.[13] Lechford tells us that "the good Lady was almost undone by buying Master Humphries farme, Swampscot, which cost her nine or eleven hundred pounds."[14] Towards the end of the year 1642, Lady Deborah Moody, Mrs. King, and the wife of John Tilton were presented at the Quarterly Court "for houlding that the baptism of infants is not ordained of God."[15] The following year, she was also "dealt withal by many of the elders and others, and admonished by the church of Salem, whereof she was a member, but, persisting still and to avoid further trouble," she removed "from under civil and church watch" to the Dutch on Long Island with many others likewise infected with Anabaptism.[16] Under these circumstances, it is not strange that the inhabitants of Gravesend should also obtain a charter that granted them "the free libertie of conscience according to the costome and manner of Holland, without molestation or disturbance from any Madgistrate or Madgistrates or any other Ecclesiastical Minister that may ptend jurisdiction over them."[17] The patentees received the power and authority to build a town or towns, which must have excluded any disqualification for the office of a magistrate on the ground of Anabaptism. Nevertheless, the Director General Stuyvesant and his Council insisted on a religious qualification for office in their answer to the remonstrance, that several acted as officers and magistrates without the consent or nomination of the people.[18] "The English do not only enjoy the right of nominating their own Magistrates, but some of them also usurp the election and appointment of such magistrates, as they please, without regard to their religion. Some, especially the people of Gravesend, elect libertines and Anabaptists, which is decidedly against the laws of the Netherlands."[19] There was, however, no forcing of the conscience in Gravesend until the arrival of the Quakers in the town. Shortly before this, the Dutch ministers of New Amsterdam still classified in their report to the Classis of Amsterdam, the people of Gravesend as Mennonites. "The majority of them reject the baptism of infants, the ob-

servance of the Sabbath, the office of preacher and any teachers of God's Word. They say that thereby all sorts of contentions have come into the world. Whenever they meet, someone or other reads to them."[20] In the light of the consistent religious policy of Stuyvesant and the Dutch clergy, this toleration of Mennonite worship, attested in these words of the Dutch ministers of New Amsterdam, is so surprising a fact that it is open to suspicion. Is it a slip of the pen of the writers, occasioned by a description of Mennonite tenets and practices, which were well known to them? In fact, Domine Megapolensis seems to have been as vigilant for the repression of the Mennonites as of other dissenters. The peculiar tenets of their religion in regard to an organized ministry made them as ready to attack a "hireling" ministry, as the Quakers later became. On February 12, 1652, Megapolensis requested the Director and Council to restrain the Anabaptist Anna Smits "from using slanderous and calumniating expressions against God's Word and his servants."[21] Meanwhile, the Quaker movement gained adherents in the town, who soon became the object of a religious persecution. Another party also arose in Gravesend, which appealed, on April 12, 1660, to the Provincial government for relief in their religious destitution. Ten of the inhabitants of the village, only two of whom were English, the sheriff Charles Morgan and Lieutenant Nicholas Stillwell, informed the Director General and Council that "the licentious mode of living, the desecration of the Sabbath, the confusion of religious opinion prevalent in the village made many grow cold in the exercise of Christian virtue, and almost surpassed the heathens, who have no knowledge of God and his commandments." They requested, therefore, that "a preacher be sent here, that the glory of God may be spread, the ignorant taught, the simple and innocent strengthened, and the licentious restrained." Stuyvesant and his Council were well pleased with this remonstrance and promised to fulfill their request, as soon as possible, but the English put an end to the Dutch rule before the promise was realized[22] (167-70).



Van der Donck's map of New Netherlands, 1656, with view of New Amsterdam.

9) *The Lutherans petitioned for freedom of religion in New Amsterdam. Counsel was asked of the Classis of Amsterdam, who* was even less tolerant of ecclesiastical differences in New Netherland than the ministers in the colony itself.[23] In their eyes, the concession of the freedom of religious worship to the Lutherans would entail the concession of a similar privilege to the Mennonites and English Independents, and even to the Jews, who had, in fact, made this request of the Governor and had "also attempted to erect a synagogue for the exercise of their blasphemous religion."[24] The Classis

expressed, with deep emotion, its realization of the fact that under such circumstances a pastor's work would have greatly increased and his path would have been beset with obstacles and difficulties, which would interfere with a minister's good and holy efforts for the extension of the cause of Christ. Under the influence of the Classis of Amsterdam, the Directors of the West India Company also classed with the Mennonites the English Independents amongst those who might urge claims for the freedom of religious worship upon the concession of such a privilege to the Lutherans (189-90).

10) The Dutch minister, Megapolensis, was immediately alive to the dangers of such a toleration of the Jews, "who have no other God than the unrighteous Mammon and no other aim than to get possession of Christian property, and to ruin all other merchants by drawing all trade to themselves." He earnestly requested the Classis of Amsterdam to use its influence with the Directors of the Company to have "these godless rascals, who are of no benefit to the country, but look at everything for their own profit," removed from the Province. He felt that there would be still greater confusion created, if the obstinate and immovable Jews came to settle in New Netherland, where there were "Papists, Mennonites and Lutherans amongst the Dutch, also many Puritans or Independents, and various other servants of Baal among the English under this government, who conceal themselves under the name of Christians"[25] (257).

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[1]A very severe placard was issued by the provincial States of Groningen against Catholics and Anabaptists. A fine of ten Dalers was inflicted on the persons giving their houses for a reunion of Catholics or Anabaptists. The same fine was placed on the preacher for the first offense; in the case of a repeated offense the latter was subject to fifteen days' detention on bread and water, and for the third offense to banishment. Persons assisting at the services were also fined ten Dalers. Marriages contracted before a Catholic priest were punished as concubinage. Cf. Brandt, Hist. d. Reformatie, ii. 14-15.

[2]O'Callaghan, New Netherland, ii. 465-9. Kort Verhaal van Niewe Nederlandt, Gelegenthiet, Natuurlyke Voorrechten byzondere Bequaemheyt tur Vervolkingk, etc.

[3]Col. Docs. N.Y. ii. 176.

[4]Ibid. 176-177.

[5]Col. Docs N.Y. i. 123.

[6]Doc Hist. N.Y. iv. 15. Jes. Rels. ix.

[7]Eccl. Recs. N.Y. i. 336.

[8]Col Docs. N.Y. iii. 262.

[9]Ibid. 415.

[10]Before this there was a small English settlement on Dental (Turtle) Bay, called Hopton, which had been broken up by the Indians. These old settlers joined the followers of Mrs. Moody in founding Gravesend. The former were indifferent in regard to religion, while the latter had left New England precisely on account of their deeply religious convictions, for which they were persecuted there. Under these circumstances "it was resolved to relegate the matter of religion in the new settlement entirely to the individual as a matter with which the organized community had no concern. And so in the laying out of lots no reservation for church purposes was made or intended to be made." Cf. W. H. Stillwell, Hist. of Ref Prot. Dutch Church of Gravesend, Kings County.

[11]Winthrop's Journal, ii. 138.

[12]Mass. Recs. i. 123.

[13]Winthrop's Journal, ii. 289.

[14]Lechford, Plaine Dealing, 98-99.

[15]Lynn Recs. in Flint, Hist. of Early Long Island, 106, notes 1-2.

[16]Winthrop's Journal, ii. 126.

[17]Doc. Hist N.Y. i. 411.

[18]Remonstrance, O'Callaghan, Hist. of New Netherland, ii. 245.

[19]Deduction by Director General and Council, Col. Docs. N.Y. xiv. 233-35.

[20]Megapolensis and Drisius to Classis of Amsterdam, August 5, 1657. Eccl. Recs. N.Y. i. 396-7.

[21]Council minute. Col. Docs. N.Y. xiv. 155-6.

[22]Council minute, April 12, 1660. Ibid. 406.

[23]The right of the English Independents to the free exercise of their religion in public, though not always regarded with the greatest favor, was never disputed by either Stuyvesant or the ministers of New Amsterdam.

[24]Letter of Classis of Amsterdam to consistory of New Amsterdam, May 26, 1656, in Eccl. Recs. N.Y. i, 348-9.

[25]Megapolensis to Classis of Amsterdam, March 18, 1655. Eccl. Recs. N.Y. i. 335-6. The same ground was taken by the Classis of Amsterdam in its efforts to have the toleration of Lutheran worship refused, "for the Mennonites and English Independents, of whom there is said to be not a few, might have been led to undertake the same thing in their turn, and would probably have attempted to introduce public gatherings."

Recent Publications

Guenter, J. G., Comp., *Franz and Anna Guenther and their Descendants, 1761-1989*. Pp. 231. $17.00. Order from author, 627 Spencer Way, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

Nicolls, Aline F. (Weaver), *Weaver Families of the Mohawk and St. Lawrence River Valleys*, 1987, Pp. 77. Order from author, 3964 Oakwinds St., Victoria, BC V8N 3B3.

Toews, Ida, *A Short Illustrated Narrative of the Family of Abraham Heinrich Toews & Susanna Martha Friesen*. Pp. 35. $10.00. Order from author, 133 Fraser's Grove, Winnipeg, MB R2K 0E6.

Miller, Miriam, *The Family Reord of Jacob R. Glick and Annie K. Stoltzfus, 1871-1985*. Pp. 28. $3.90. Order from Mrs. Jacob C. Miller, 32 Geist Rd., Lancaster, PA 1760l

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News and Notes

The feature, "Conversations with Elizabeth Bender," run in the *MHB* from January 1985 through January 1987, has drawn a positive response on the part of readers that continues to this day. One question that has come up, in this regard, is: Did Elizabeth Bender give her approval to publishing this set of conversations in this manner and format? In this light, it should be pointed out that the published excerpts are of course only a small fraction of the fifteen hours of interviews that had been recorded from ca. 1976 to 1984. Readers should also know that in the fall of 1984 the five installments which were eventually printed from 1985 to 1987 had been carefully edited by Elizabeth Bender herself, all at one time. She made a few additions, and a few deletions as well, before giving her approval to publishing the set.—Leonard Gross

Corrigenda. For the July, 1990, *MHB*, the following corrections should be noted: P. 1, col. 1, par. 2, l. 1: "Backtracking . . . " P. 8, col. 1, l. 1: "269 rods . . . " P. 9, col. 2, par. 2, l. 1, 2: "Mr. Ziegler, head of SCS, pays . . . " P. 11, col. 3, par. 2, l. 3: "from SSS headquarters. The boys . . . "

Book Reviews

Singing Mennonite. By Doreen Helen Klassen. Winnipeg, Manitoba: University of Manitoba Press. 1989. Pp. 330. $29.95.

Plautdietsch is the name of a Low German dialect that has been used for over four hundred years by those Mennonites originating in the Netherlands and North German area of Europe. The tenth edition of *Languages of the World Ethnologue* also lists this dialect as Mennonite German or Mennonite Platt. This dialect is found among those called Russian Mennonites who have settled in the United States, Canada, Belize, Paraguay, and Brazil.

Low German was for a long time an unwritten language among those for whom High German was the language of business, literature, education and the church. Until recently, most Mennonites, even those of the Low German heritage, assumed that High German was the language of song. Indeed, author Klassen confesses in her Preface, that when several friends suggested that she collect Low German songs for her master's thesis in anthropology, she greeted their suggestion with uproarious laughter! However, she decided to act upon their suggestion assuming that she would explain why Mennonites never sung more than a handful of nursery rhymes in this dialect. Five years later, she had to hide 350 pages of her 550-page thesis in an appendix because her study took her well beyond the 120-page limit.

As she entered into her research and found it growing ever larger in number and richer in variety and content, she wondered why Mennonites were so often vehement in their insistence that no Low German songs existed, or if they did, that they were certainly of no consequence. Why, the strong feelings?

This book is the result of her diligent research and ever increasing discovery. She realized that she had tapped the secular history of an ethno-religious group. She was further captivated by the fact that she was herself a Kanadier whose ancestors had immigrated to Canada from Russia.

This is the first published collection of Mennonite Low German songs and the first study of the secular music of the Mennonites. Here are found both original words and music to more than 140 songs (with English translation) found among the Mennonites of southern Manitoba. These are songs about love, village life, farming, and about their faith, in addition to many children's songs and lullabies. Here we see how Mennonites view themselves, each other, and the larger society.

What further richness of feeling and expression is to be found and recorded among the other settlements of this linguistic group, not to mention the other sub-groups within the worldwide Mennonite family?

— Gerald C. Studer

Die Briefe an David Stauffer: David M. Stauffer (1834-1889), Snyder County, Pa. — His Incoming Correspondence Covering the Years of (1863-1889). Comp. & Publ., Enos E. Stauffer, 1990. Pp. 752. $55.00,+ $3.00 postage. Order from Enos E. Stauffer, Route 1, Box 805, Verdilla Rd., Port Trevorton, PA 17864, or from Amos B. Hoover, 376N. Muddy Creek Rd., Denver, PA 17517.

[From a letter, introducing this volume, by Amos B. Hoover, written August 6, 1990:] This is one of my happiest days, because today I saw an Old Order Stauffer source book being released, to be placed into the hands of historians. It consists, in the main, of the incoming correspondence of Bishop David M. Stauffer (1834-1889) who was the oldest son of Jacob Stauffer, the founder of the Stauffer Mennonites.

The book was compiled and published by one of my best historian-friends, Enos E. Stauffer, of Snyder County. The book is primarily in the German language, having to do with materials transcribed from the original Gothic documents by Enos.

There are some supplemental materials and footnotes, scattered throughout, which appear mostly in English. This book belongs in every historical library or archives in the country, and it is already a rare book, because Enos felt he wants the book in the hands of historians for the sake of preservation, but does not want it with the general reading public, and it will therefore not be advertised; 140 copies were printed.

Over the past twenty years we have given our encouragement and support to the publication of this indispensable letter collection, but it is Enos Stauffer's production, and is not to be confused with the several Stauffer projects I have been working on for a number of years.

[We look forward, in due course, to the results of Amos B. Hoover's own research on the Stauffer Mennonites, as well as to the results of his broad-ranging research on many other Old Order Amish and Mennonite groups.

— Leonard Gross]

John Horsch Mennonite History Essay Contest Report, 1989-90: Class II (College Junior and Senior)

First: "Hope was Still There: The Dissolution of the Apostolic Order of the Fellowship of Hope," by René Horst.

Second: "Menisten: The Foundation Years, 1727-1861," by J. Mark Zook.

(Prizes given within Class II only for this Contest year.)

— Levi Miller, Contest Manager